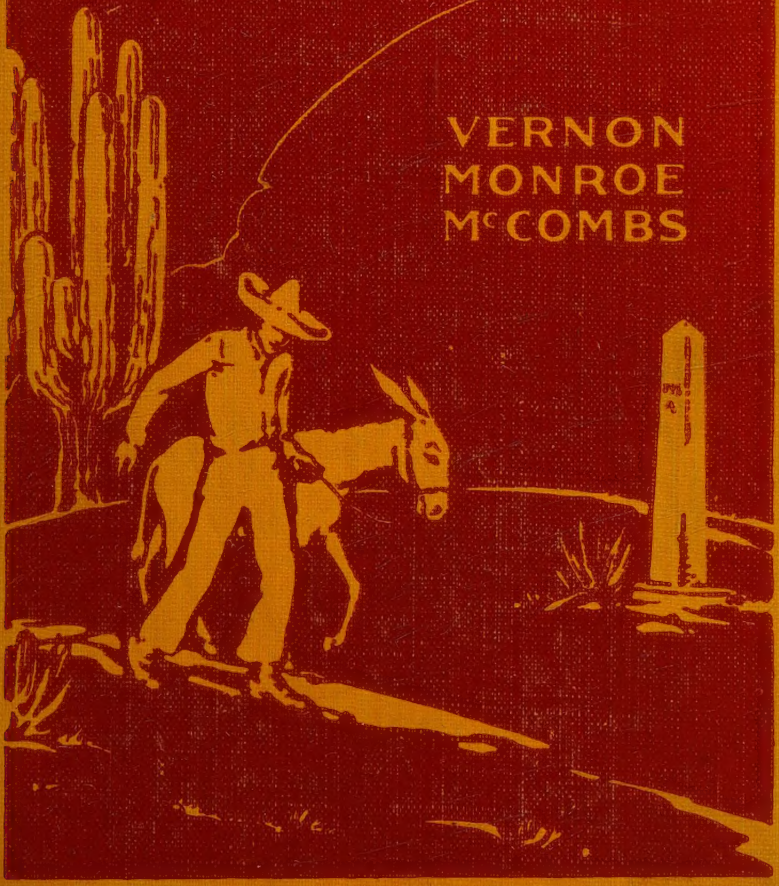
FROM OVER THE BORDER

VERNON MONROE McCOMBS



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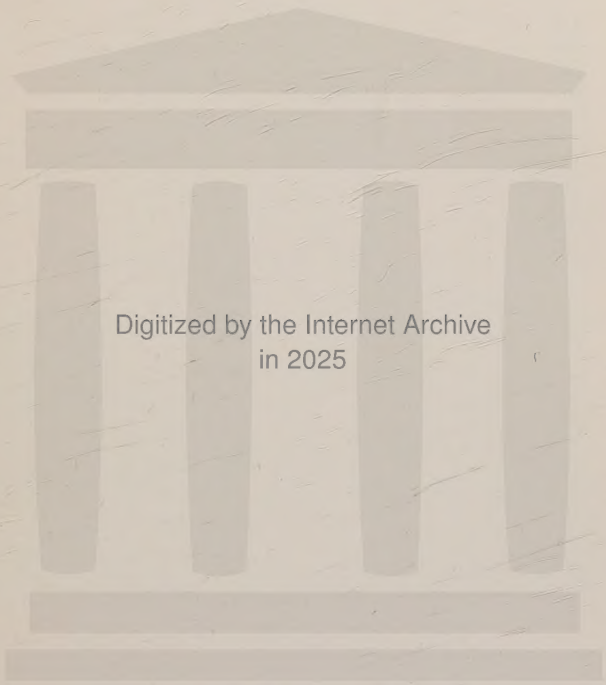

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NEW CITIZENS FROM OVER THE BORDER

The Mexican has established himself firmly in the economic life of the United States. Vast areas of the country are dependent upon his labor. His children and his children's children will live here as American citizens. They will help to elect our presidents; they will help establish our moral, political, and religious ideals and practices. Our future is bound up with theirs. We must think about them; we must come to know them; we must work with them in the constructive and worthwhile things of life.

FROM OVER THE BORDER

A STUDY OF THE MEXICANS IN THE UNITED STATES

By VERNON MONROE McCOMBS

Mexico
Title

COUNCIL OF WOMEN FOR HOME MISSIONS
and
MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT
NEW YORK

1925

The Rev. Vernon Monroe McCombs, D.D., is Superintendent of the Latin-American Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church with headquarters in Los Angeles. He is a graduate of Minnesota State Teachers College, Hamline University, Drew Theological Seminary, and New York University. The son of frontier missionaries, he himself served in a frontier mission station for several years after his graduation. He then went to the west coast of South America under the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church and was for four years Superintendent of the North Andes Mission in Peru. A break in health compelled his return to the United States, and for the past fourteen years he has been supervising the work of his Church in the Southwest among immigrants using the Romance Languages—Mexicans, Portuguese, Italians, Filipinos, and Spaniards. He has traveled for study in Central America and in Mexico and has lectured in various colleges and seminaries. Dr. McCombs' work has brought him into touch especially with the Mexicans, and his long association with them as their trusted friend and helper makes him one of the best qualified interpreters in America of those who come to us "from over the border."

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Council of Women for Home Missions
and
Missionary Education Movement
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TO EVA

MY FAITHFUL COMRADE
IN LABORS AMONG OUR NOBLE LATIN FRIENDS
BELOW AND ABOVE THE BORDER,
IS THIS HOME MISSION STUDY BOOK
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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FOREWORD

After labors in two continents and among eight races, we aver that we have never met a more responsive or delightsome people than the Mexicans from over the Border. In youth the author had been led by stories to fear and despise these same people. Thus Border prejudices (current among well-meaning Americans) clouded our vision of brotherhood toward our nearest neighbors. Laggard have been our missionary feet in going to the relief of a people we have so long given over to be the preserves of the vicious, exploiting, and adventurous. The task is delicate. We have been so near so long. We are dealing with noble souls who are the product of an age-old civilization and high ideals.

The veteran Presbyterian Superintendent, Robert McLean, D.D., declares, "I believe it to be true that we really know less of the Mexican people than of any other people on earth, and the worst of it all is that so many think they know." Doctor D. F. Howe says: "Those who scoff at a Mexican in rude clothes in the street or fields are scoffing at a mass of ignorance in the back of their own heads. Mexicans come from a great past from which they have been dragged down. Our task is to help them to rise yet higher than even in those golden years of the most perfect socialistic government probably in all history."

In Mexico Calles, peaceably elected by the processes of a true democracy, has recently succeeded Obregon, who has successfully concluded a dignified, democratic, "impossible" labor that was perhaps unequaled in all the history of the Mexican people. Our trade volume with Mexico now exceeds, not only that of the past, but also that of Mexico with any other nation. The Mexican people and the rest of Pan-America are now in the spotlight of interest. Those who have been "around the world" and others who have crossed the Atlantic many times are beginning with surprised delight to visit and to know these people above and below the Border. The new interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine is coming to mean an unselfish purpose to help in the uplift of the other Americans on both sides of the Border who have been the victims of both a bad start and bad contacts.

All this is climaxed by a new and pressing situation in Home Missions, brought about by the new immigration law. For the last fifteen years Mexicans have been coming into the United States by multitudes. The World War rushed them as laborers into our vacant and high pressure industries. Now comes the new immigration legislation shutting off most of our former stream of immigration, at the same time opening wide all gates from the twenty nations of the New World, particularly from Mexico.

In writing this book, the author has had two

main purposes. First, to put into Home Missions the thrill of the great adventure such as is rightly felt in the realm of foreign missions. These strangers within our gates are an unexplored field awaiting the Columbus who will "Sail on, and on" away from the comfortable ports of theories of Americanization, City Problems, Immigration Trends, etc., to the New World of helping these less fortunate neighbors to help themselves. Second, to stimulate new friends to definite action. The startling facts of this Home Missionary book will scarcely be credited by the reader. Thousands of people will exclaim, "Is it possible?" But the half has not yet been told, either of conditions, or of results obtained.

Much credit is due to Jay S. Stowell for invaluable aid in collaboration and for references to *The Near Side of the Mexican Question* and other works by him and others who know the situation from first-hand study along the Border. The board secretaries and superintendents have shown invaluable courtesies in filling in questionnaires and sending photos and other aids. Dr. Ralph E. Diffendorfer, the Joint Committee officers, and a multitude of sympathetic friends and comrades of "God's Border Legion," all deserve their meed of grateful mention.

Genuine love, admiration, and concern, atmosphere the purpose, if not the message, of these chapters. Only a burning desire to aid the nobly striving Mexicans could stir up sufficient courage

to portray herein conditions for which after all we above the Border have been largely responsible.

Paul Laurence Dunbar says, "Slow moves the pageant of a climbing race." I thoroughly believe that the Mexicans are achieving a present progress rivaled by few if any other race today. But much yet remains to be done.

On account of space limitations much of value has been omitted from this volume. For example, studies of such related peoples as the immigrant Spaniards, South Americans, Italians, Portuguese, and particularly the so-called "Indians."

Because of this limitation of space the committee has advised changing some portions of the book as originally planned. In a longer book the statistics and numbers, classifications, and the accounting for the problem we face would demand a fuller, if not a different, treatment in several cases. In fact, this volume is but a beginning in the study of the Mexicans above the Border—who should have been the first and not the last folk for us to come to know intimately, esteem highly, and help constructively.

The book goes out with a prayer that it may serve to acquaint many with our Mexican neighbors and hasten the coming of the Kingdom in the thousands of communities in which they live.

Vernon Monroe McCombs

"Ivycroft"
Berkeley, California
1925

From Over the Border

I

LIFE ABOVE THE BORDER

They tramp over my breast at night. It seems as though I never can be happy again.

BISHOP W. F. MCDOWELL
On his return from Asia

HERE we are at the little home of Pedro Soto, the sugar-beet topper, in California. Our guide having called before, we are admitted at once. At first glance we wonder if this is an out-of-doors school—or an orphanage. Out under the spreading fig tree are ten children, the eldest but seventeen. Near the door sits a pale, listless boy. The glands of his neck are diseased and greatly swelled. Don Pedro explains that within the *señora* and two more children are very sick.

As we pass in, the once vigorous toiler from the great silver mines of central Mexico adds that he has not been able to work for five weeks because of his injured foot. The offending member is carelessly bound up in dirty rags which are soaked with blood and pus and surrounded with flies. The misfortune came from a runaway accident. We are told later that this was the result of some extra "weeskey" on pay day.

We find the poor little mother sitting on the

rude, cold floor. There are no chairs, just two boxes. Her face is drawn with pain and from long suffering. She is still young, though she says she has borne fourteen children. She is not too ill to brush away from the fevered little cheeks and lips of the two very sick children at either side of her the clouds of lazy flies which are bred by thousands in a pile of refuse from the horse stall just outside the unscreened windows. The mother tells us that the expected fifteenth child will demand another visit by the *medico* which will cost twenty dollars. We understand better why Don Pedro's injured foot is not "surgically safe" when he relates that it costs three dollars cash in advance for each visit of the doctor.

We have noted that there are only two rooms in the *casa* (hut) for a family of fourteen. There are only two beds, both in the same room. We wonder if the ivory image of the Savior on the silver-mounted ebony cross above the larger bed can save this situation. At any rate, the pain-racked face of the brave *mamacita* is lifted like a Madonna to that relic of better days down in her *patria,* Mexico.

Given courteous permission to read from *la Biblia,* our guide, an unpaid, beet-topper evangelist reads in Spanish *Psalm* 121 and part of *John* 14; then pours out his soul in prayer. Some of the family, unaccustomed to such extempore prayer in their own Spanish tongue, at first join

in embarrassed repetition as they used to do with the *Padre*. At last their murmurs die away under the spell of this first direct, personal appeal to the God of the real and now that they have ever heard and the mother died when her fifteenth baby was born.

Such sad affairs as this true story of Don Pedro, though all too common, are of course impossible with many Mexicans. There are numbers of them who never touch drink, especially those who have had the gospel. But the foregoing is a typical scene from life among the unskilled Mexican laborers now living in the United States. The multitudes of humble cabins like Don Pedro's offer us a challenge.

A Christian gentleman, after visiting in the "Sonora town" of a great city of the Southwest, exclaimed, "Who would think that conditions could exist like these! We come here from the East and everything seems so delightful and prosperous, with churches and culture all about, that one would not dream that folks are in this section in such large numbers and living like this."

Let us now follow some of a group of sixty street-car track-men "home" after their heavy day's work. We observe a most interesting piece of social camouflage. No partridge ever tried harder to conceal her nest or brood than these Mexican fathers and mothers their places of abode. We Americans whirl heedlessly along by the wayside groves into which some of these men

pass to their small rude huts and tents under the concealing eucalyptus trees.

A few of the mothers are on their knees grinding corn for the tortillas, though now these Mexican pancakes are mostly patted out and baked from flour. Here, just around the hill, is apparently a side-tracked train of box cars; but telltale steps lead up to the doors of this long row of houses on wheels. Mexican children pour out to greet, in musical Spanish, the returning brothers and fathers. There are red geraniums, artfully potted, on the sides of the box-car homes. Their matchless language, their love of flowers, color and music, and their love of children is royal, even if the huts are humble.

Some dozen or more of the men get off the car by a cemetery. Entering the mouth of a canyon, they climb up to a *colonia Mexicana* of huddling little *casitas.* There is no word for "home" in common use in Spanish; *casa* literally means "house." It is soon apparent that there are enough sorrows and social ills in this group of dwellings to challenge the Christian efforts, the welfare activities, and, at times, the police ingenuity of a metropolis. The majority of these families are surprisingly refined and eager for good, but there is ever a factor of ferment which causes heartaches to the more respectable element and gives an ill reputation to the whole colony.

A laughing trio of men go to a two-room "habitation." Two pretty daughters of thirteen and

MEXICANS AT WORK

Mexicans are engaged in every conceivable type of occupation. We have become so dependent upon them in many sections of our agricultural and industrial life that were they suddenly to be withdrawn, these enterprises would at least temporarily collapse.

MEXICAN HOMES ABOVE THE BORDER

Mexican laborers who have come to the United States live in homes of many sorts. Often they are little more than shacks, without adequate space for even a small family or sanitary provisions of any sort. Yet the rents charged these newcomers are frequently exorbitant.

fifteen and four other children run out to greet the eldest as "Papa." The two younger men "board" there! No wonder there are so many broken-hearted young Mexican girls. A baker across the street remarks to us, "It makes me shudder to think of the future of the girls from twelve to fifteen on this one street. Why, at least twenty-five folks come out of that small four-room cottage every morning."

One tall, haggard man comes in with the crew. He has sought in vain for work, and he returns to a small room where his wife and two children sit in the gloomy chill beside the form of their little son who died three days ago. No work, no friends, no doctor, no fire, no food, and now no money to bury their dead. They are paying five dollars' rent for this one germ-trap room with no bed or other furniture. They cannot speak English.

The priests long ago gave up trying to help all the flood of needy Mexicans. After visiting the houses of even that one crew of laborers we are appalled. It is all outside of our experience: some families living in shacks made of ragged burlap and under pieces of tin cut from old oil cans; huts dug into hillsides; five "families" living in one windowless cellar; some even living in old stables. Here is one mother with her twenty-sixth baby born in a hovel, with no furniture, no doctor, and few other provisions than Nature's.

As one visits the Mexican colonies and fruit

camps, he will find huts in back yards, and tents out under the picturesque walnut and orange groves. The entire families of those so fortunate as to secure this seasonal employment usually go out for several weeks each year to this tent life, to work in the apricots, raisins, oranges, nuts, sugar beets, Bermuda onions, and lima beans.

Cultured Exiles often Suffer

Suffering and need are not limited to these products of Mexican peonage. The case is oft repeated among people of high ideals and good education who have left Mexico and are suffering above the Border. All life is different here. They almost never beg or make their needs known. They simply ask for work, school, or medical aid. Their American neighbors do not know the suffering being endured by people who often appear well dressed, courteous, and uncomplaining, even though their faces daily grow more pallid, and later there is enforced "change of residence" because they can no longer pay the rent.

A former educator under Porfirio Diaz was for months compelled to walk three miles at two o'clock in the morning down to a bakery where he got a sack of stale bread for twenty-five cents. Don Antonio explained that bread was practically his only article of diet and it required but two trips a week. He also told of a relative of the President, whom he found in the market, picking

up lettuce leaves and garbage to provide thin soup and bare salad for his starving family.

A former colonel from the Mexican army, and his very large family, all showed, in their emaciated faces and bodies, marked evidence of an empty cupboard. Weeks later I succeeded in discovering that this military gentleman was disposing, one by one, of the treasures of his previously luxurious social station—his diamonds, his military field glasses, etc. The prices obtained for them were ridiculously small; but he was helpless, for his family was in dire need.

The pinch of hard circumstances is felt keenly by those who strive to maintain their former station. One cultured Mexican mother strove in vain to make her meager income meet the social demands for her children in school,—who, by the way, were soon leading in the high school, not only socially but in scholarship and athletics. This required that the mother quietly take in washing. This and other unaccustomed labors, impossible even in her former younger and more vigorous years, soon left the children motherless.

The Mexicans as Laborers

The proportions of the Mexican problem loom up as we discover the varied industries in which Mexican labor is becoming increasingly a basic factor. Their accessibility, docility, and strength make them prime subjects of exploitation for

labor contractors. They are the typical unskilled laborers. More than half of them in the United States would be classed usually as "common laborers." They are employed on the ranches and in cotton fields, on cantaloupe, onion, and great lima bean farms, in the walnut and orange groves, apricot, grape, and other fruit picking. They are used on the great vineyards.[1] They become expert landscape gardeners. They are excellent teamsters, and specialists as wood choppers and in clearing of land, more particularly in Texas, Colorado, and New Mexico. They are being used increasingly in the great lumber woods. Reading the classic novel, *Ramona,* one is reminded that they have long been sheep herders and sheep shearers throughout all the Southwest. One great range in New Mexico formerly had 2,000,000 sheep and employed 2,700 shepherds, mostly Mexicans. They are fishermen like those first disciples, and carpenters like the Master himself, and they are in the crews of coastwise shipping. For every spoonful of porridge and other foods made more delectable by beet sugar, we are primarily indebted to the Mexicans, who do most of the hard work in producing the sugar beets through the central and southwestern states. From the days of the Dons, their taste and skill in leather work have led them to be clever as shoemakers and sad-

[1] Mexicans pick in California annually 250,000 tons of raisins, 25,000 tons of walnuts, 5,000,000 boxes of lemons, and 25,000,000 boxes of oranges.

dlers. They are being increasingly employed as mechanics, for which they have a real aptitude. The brick-yards, stone quarries, cement factories, and great mines look to Mexicans for their most satisfactory laborers. Arizona, for this reason, is employing tens of thousands of Mexicans, and large numbers are migrating there for work in the mines. The great projects requiring excavation and large contracts of concrete work look to the Mexicans for much of the heavy work. The networks of sewers in many great cities are being constructed and repaired by Mexican *gasfiteros*.

A veteran section boss of thirty years' experience on the Santa Fé and Southern Pacific railroads said: "The Mexicans are the best laborers on earth. I have tried Italians, Negroes, Japanese, and Americans. Give me the Mexicans and I will do the job. You cannot drive them, but use firm kindness and they are all right—at least, until they get drunk."

Mr. R. A. Rutledge of La Junta, Colorado, a graduate of the University of Kansas, Chief Engineer on the Santa Fé, says: "We have let the Greeks and Italians go; ninety per cent of all our track-men from the Coast to Chicago are Mexicans. . . . The Mexicans were an experiment at first. We gave them poor section shacks made of ties piled up and plastered; but now we are giving them good concrete or tile houses. The Mexican cannot be driven like the Negro; but anyone who knows how to manage the Mexicans can

get more work out of them than any other class. They must be kept contented. They will not stay until they get their families from Mexico. Mexicans are not all peons."

Walter L. Armacost, head of the greatest rose nursery on the Pacific Coast and handling millions of nearly all sorts of the finest flowers and shrubs, specializing in orchids, said: "I employ Mexicans altogether. I have tried Hollanders, Japanese, Americans, and selected mixed labor, but I am fully persuaded that we have no laborers in the world who are better, if as good, for work like ours. The Mexican can be made to be not only contented, but in love with his work. He bestows an affectionate skill upon the delicate stock which is indispensable. I find that other leading heads of industry requiring not only unskilled labor but particular and responsible operations are coming to our conclusion that Providence is turning our way now the best labor, all considered, to be found. They must be shown, trained, directed by young lieutenants who get our idea and can speak their language. We must give vastly more attention to the long neglected and too little appreciated people from over the Border, and to those Spanish-Americans who have always been here."

Better-class Mexicans seem particularly fitted to become mechanics, merchants, traveling men, lawyers, officers of the law, physicians, professors, printers, and collectors. Their bilingual facility

and delightful courtesy along with ability to memorize and imitate quickly, combined with willingness to serve and sacrifice, adapt them peculiarly for the above professions. Scores of Latin Americans are holding places of large responsibility and influence in the state, especially in New Mexico.

From these facts it can be seen that Mexicans can and do fill a more useful place in the nation than the common conception that they are either bandits, exiles, or tourists might suggest. As a matter of fact, few Americans recognize these people as "Mexicans" unless they are dressed in blue overalls or black shawls, or appear with their stooped and emaciated forms crowned with sombreros.

Most of the Mexicans in the United States, however, are laborers. Drawn or driven out of the simplicity of Mexican peonage, what is the lot of these folks who are earning their bread by the sweat of their brow? The Mexicans generally are not working too hard. Our frontier builders worked much harder. Work is not a disgrace or a misfortune. The real hardship is that they are underpaid and uninspired.

Two traveling men on a limited train, well dressed and thoughtful, seemed to be very much in earnest. They were saying: "You see that poor devil out there lifting that heavy iron? He is as strong as an ox, but he can scarcely lift it for the reason that it is so hot in the summer sun. Right

now he has to have two pairs of gloves so as not to blister his calloused hands. Those are Mexicans. They certainly do have it hard! They work when we are sleeping, mush around in the mud and water in big rains, and at that are glad to get work at small wages and board themselves and their large families. When a wreck occurs, they are the first there though it be, as it usually is, at night. If one of them happens to leave a switch open, or be drowsy at his job, we curse him as no good. They surely have my pity!''

The other rejoined: ''Yes, and what kind of a chance have they to enjoy their work? They are doing work that the average American would not and cannot think of doing. Last week at Bagdad in the desert the heat killed three Mexicans and prostrated a score more. The temperature was up to 120 degrees. I am with you in saying that those faithful boys do not have the chance they have earned.''

The work of the Mexicans is seasonal and irregular and thoughtlessly supervised. The mutual distrust renders cooperation and organization for mutual benefit almost impossible. Their only weapon is a strike. Agitators keep them restless, and they certainly have good soil and a strong case to present for their anarchistic propaganda.

Stories like those related on the preceding pages might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but those already given are sufficient to introduce us to the poorer Mexicans in the United States and

to lead us to inquire why they are here, how many there are of them, and where they are to be found.

Recent Mexican Migration to the United States

For several centuries the history of our Southwest has been very closely tied up with Mexico and the Mexicans. Through the long period during which President Porfirio Diaz controlled the destinies of Mexico there was relatively little Mexican immigration to this country. Diaz dominated Mexico from about 1875 until the year 1911, although during a brief portion of that time he was not the actual president of the Mexican Republic. During the period of his control he established the credit of Mexico, negotiated treaties with foreign countries, built railroads and harbors, extended education, and made life in Mexico to a large extent stable and dependable. Under those conditions there was little incentive for the Mexican to migrate. The fact that Diaz was more or less of a despot did not count largely so long as living conditions were reasonably satisfactory, and the Mexican had learned to be satisfied with very little.

With the overthrow of Diaz in 1911, however, a new situation developed. Unsettled political conditions made life precarious, and unsettled business and economic conditions made the securing of the necessities of life a difficult matter. The result was the beginning of a new northward mi-

gration of Mexicans to the United States. Some of these newcomers were political refugees; more of them were poor Mexicans seeking a chance to earn a living and to secure opportunities for their children. Soon after this new period of unrest arose in Mexico, the World War was begun in Europe, and very quickly there was an unprecedented demand for labor in the United States. Both of these forces tended to increase the number of Mexicans coming into this country. In the face of the need for more laborers, the contract labor clause of our national immigration law was suspended and thousands of Mexicans were brought into this country under contract.

In order, then, to discover how many Mexicans have come into the United States during the last decade, we must add the number of those who have come in under temporary contracts as contract laborers and those who have crossed the international line between Mexico and the United States surreptitiously without the knowledge of immigration officers. How large this latter group is, no one can declare accurately. That it is very large is evident. So far as the number of regular immigrants is concerned the figures are available. They are as follows:

1914	13,089	1919	28,844
1915	10,993	1920	51,042
1916	17,198	1921	29,603
1917	16,438	1922	18,246
1918	17,602	1923	62,709
		1924	87,648

It should be noted that the year 1924 witnessed the largest migration of Mexicans to this country of any year of the past decade, probably of our entire history. The cause of that migration does not lie in Mexico, but rather in the United States, where, by recent immigration legislation. all immigration from Europe has been put upon a "quota" basis, thus largely cutting off our supply of labor from that source. Immigration from countries in the Western world is not upon a "quota" basis, so that immigration from Mexico, so far as numbers are concerned, is unlimited. There is reason to believe that Mexican immigration will be an increasingly important factor in the life of the United States because of that fact, and the question of the conditions under which Mexican immigrants to this country live takes on greater significance than ever before.

The Mexicans who have migrated to the United States have come first to one of our four border states, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, or California. As a matter of fact, by far the largest proportion have entered this country by way of Texas, and Texas has the largest number of Mexicans of any of our states. Of the Mexican immigrants admitted during the year ending June 30, 1924, 63 per cent gave Texas as their future permanent home, 17.1 per cent California, 13.9 per cent Arizona, 1.3 per cent New Mexico, and 1 per cent Illinois. The 1920 Census showed 398,174 Mexicans in Texas, 126,086 in California, 91,574 in Ari-

zona, and 34,083 in New Mexico. Considerable numbers were also reported in Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, Illinois, Missouri, New York, and other states. Since the taking of the census the number has considerably increased and they have become very widely distributed throughout eastern and western states and even in Alaska where considerable numbers have been taken to help in the salmon industry. The three largest individual settlements of Mexicans in the United States are San Antonio, El Paso, and Los Angeles.

A Mexican colony estimated at more than 5,000 is reported in the neighborhood of the steel mills of Joliet, Illinois; other colonies are to be found at Gary and Indiana Harbor, Indiana, as well as at Erie and Johnstown, Pennsylvania. Last year 18,744 Mexican school children were registered in the city of Los Angeles, California.[1] A Protestant church in Chicago has been turned over to a Mexican congregation, and other such congregations have been gathered in eastern cities.

In estimating the number of Mexicans in the United States we must always make allowance for those who have been admitted as immigrants since the previous census and then estimate as best we may the number who come into this country under cover of darkness or over paths that are not guarded by immigration officers. Even this addition, however, does not tell the entire story, since

[1] There are over 93,000 Mexicans in Los Angeles, not including Spanish Americans and California Spanish.

for practical purposes we must add thousands of Spanish-speaking immigrants from Argentina and other South American countries, from Hawaii, from the Philippines, from Spain, and other Latin American countries, and then add tens of thousands of native sons of Spanish speech who easily merge with these great Spanish-language groups made up predominantly of Mexicans. The actual numbers with which we are dealing, therefore, are larger than either the census figures or the immigration statistics would suggest. It is said that there are at least a quarter of a million Spanish-speaking people in New York City alone.

For the present, however, our attention is centered upon that large group of more or less recent immigrants from Mexico who are for the most part uneducated laborers. These people who do so much of our rougher work comprise nearly four fifths of all the Mexicans in this country. We must always remember, however, that there is a smaller group of educated Mexicans in this country, many of whom are economically independent.

Their Homes

There is no race within the nation which has a greater variety of domiciles than the Mexicans. Many of the better-class political exiles, who were able to save part or all of their property in Mexico, or who have established themselves in successful

business here, live in comfortable dwellings or bungalows rented in select sections or suburbs. The native sons and better-class artisans have their own neat little cottages covered with roses or vines, often with orderly though small gardens at the front or rear. The people in these inviting homes are very courteous, often cultured, and usually their young folks have fairer faces than the average American. It is to be remembered that all Mexicans are legally "white." They are so classified by marriage license bureaus and in all government statistics.

The Mexican home life is beautiful where the God-given factors are supplemented by social opportunity and a human chance. They have much of love, and abundance of beauty, and usually many babies. And yet they have no word in common use for "home."

Vice, Crime, and "Unmorality"

Much of the vice of the Mexican people is really "unmorality." They have never known better, for their feudal lords of old and their priests, too often, have been blind guides, and all three have fallen into the ditch. Ignorance, however, does not keep people out of jail, and the inmates of penal institutions in our border states are often seventy-five per cent Mexican.

The large number of persons living out of wed-

lock may be accounted for by improper huddling and congestion in their habitations; by the traditional attitude of the Roman Catholic Church, which winks at the marriages that are awaiting the *mañana* until the big fee can be paid; by the vital tides of unrestrained and misdirected passion; and by the constant inflaming of the baser elements of nature by unspeakably improper novels, moving pictures, and familiar dances.

A now-devoted and worthy couple lived together without marriage until they had two boys of school age. After a domestic tempest, which was stimulated by a third party, the mother left the home. At length both father and mother were converted. The mother returned to her home, and she and the father were married at an American church. The whole community participated, even to preparing wedding garments, and the couple lived happily together, both working ardently in the local Mexican mission. Such experiences, with some variations, are constantly brought to the attention of any missionary among Latin Americans. We recently married grandparents who had never been wed. A prominent young couple, just converted, came, with their baby, three hundred miles to be given Christian marriage and baptism. Yet some people ask whether Mexicans are ever genuinely converted! These unmarried couples, when converted, want to fulfil all righteousness and be lawfully married.

Health Conditions among the Mexicans

In examining the little children of the poor Mexican families, one is usually impressed with their attractive faces and bewitching eyes. What can account for the grave conditions of later years well known to doctors who visit these Mexican colonies?

An unfavorable physical inheritance accounts for much. We noted that Don Pedro's face was deeply pockmarked. Indeed, all through Latin America pockmarks are very common. In Don Pedro's boyhood it was thought that the earlier in life he could have infectious diseases, the lighter would be the attack. This, by nimble logic, soon came to mean that the sooner children had smallpox, the better. Many mothers in all Latin America expose their children to this and other epidemics. Little care and no quarantine are observed among the mountain people and the lower classes. So we understand why pockmarks are so common.

Here is some clue, also, as to why Latin America, though settled first in the New World, is so sparsely settled. At the Panama Congress it was stated that in a Mexican village on the Border, by actual record kept by missionaries, seventy per cent of the babies died before they were a year old and ninety per cent before they were six years old. Wrong ideas of diseases and sanitation deeply imbedded in unlettered minds are not cor-

rected by the mere crossing of the Border, but persist to the consternation of health authorities that deal with conditions in Mexican colonies.

The Mexicans are coming increasingly from the open country or quiet villages of Mexico and are jamming into the most cramped and undesirable house-courts of our cities. They are unacquainted with city life and speedily become victims of its ills.

A beautiful Christian family, before coming from Mexico, sent to some friends a picture of their family and expressed their joy that at last they were coming to California. Six weeks after their arrival, the chubby little daughter, Flora, had died of pneumonia contracted as a result of cold, wet feet from the muddy court, and the absence of proper bedding and clothes in the dark, cold, gloomy, stoveless rooms. The number of these new Americans who die of pneumonia during the winter is out of all proportion to the population. We recently conducted the funeral of an elder sister of this same family, who died of tuberculosis soon after becoming a bride.

Undernourished

One reason for the ravages of disease among the Mexicans is their undernourished condition. Physicians say that it is not so much underfeeding as improper feeding. Small children are given tea, wine, and all sorts of indigestible food.

A three-months-old baby was given cinnamon water instead of the diet prescribed by the nurse and physician. A baby that was well in the morning, was given a piece of ham to suck, and the young parents were surprised to find the baby dead at noon. A lack of proper food is the common experience of the masses of Mexicans. An officer of the police force, on being drawn out to speak of the Mexicans, said: "There is a great deal of crime among them; most of those who are arrested are charged with drunkenness or with petty thieving, due to the fact that they are starving most of the time. At midnight, recently, I saw a Mexican pick up a rotten fruit core from the street. I remonstrated with him, but he did not understand English. I then got him a tamale at a near-by stand and in a moment he was dividing it with three other starving Mexicans." Are the folks who deliberately exploit the labor of these people, without providing for their welfare, any less culpable than those who steal because they and their families are starving?

A Bad Situation

Actual conditions revealed by careful investigation in the Plaza District of Los Angeles disclosed the fact that of the 40,000 people of that one district, 51.8 per cent are Mexicans and 30 per cent Italians. Of the children born in the whole city last year, 7.9 per cent were Mexicans;

of the children of the city who died, 12.2 per cent were Mexicans. Of cases treated at the venereal clinic, 20 per cent were Mexicans. For the entire city, 17.4 per cent of the deaths were from tuberculosis. Among the Mexicans in the Plaza District, 39.2 per cent of deaths were due to tuberculosis, 26.4 to infant diseases of the digestive tract, 13.2 to still-birth and 13 per cent to pneumonia, leaving only 8 per cent to other causes. A large proportion of these deaths might have been prevented. On the tuberculosis chart for the city there is a black cloud about the Plaza region.

The causes are clear: low wages, seasonal employment, high rent, overcrowding, and inadequate nourishment. The average family has five members and the average house two rooms, for which exorbitant rents are charged. In Los Angeles 28 per cent of these Mexican homes have no running water; 79 per cent have no bathrooms, and 68 per cent no inside toilets—in many cases six or eight families use a common toilet.

The houses of the poorer Mexican colonies are badly located, usually near some objectionable factory or institution such as a gas plant, the abattoir, or the brewery. During storms, and also in summer heat, serious situations arise. In one storm a Mexican grandmother, starving and alone, died from drowning, in her own little room almost under the shadow of the largest church in Sacramento, because of a broken sewer. Driving along the boulevards, one sees not infrequently

sick Mexicans on their cots out under the gum-tree, amid flies, "dying alone at the close of the day" like the Gypsy boy.

It is not the Mexicans alone who pay the price for these unfortunate conditions, nor are they chiefly responsible for them. Gradually we are coming to see that the community itself is responsible, and that the conditions which exist are a peril to everyone. A striking illustration of that is the pneumonic plague which broke out in the Mexican quarter of Los Angeles in the fall of 1924. The rushing of a thousand vials of serum from Philadelphia to Los Angeles helped to check what might have become a national scourge. The fortunate thing is that these unwholesome conditions can be remedied when we once undertake the task.

The Use of Drugs

The use of *marihuana* is not uncommon in the colonies of the lower class of Mexican immigrants. This is a native drug made from what is sometimes called the "crazy weed." The effects are high exhilaration and intoxication, followed by extreme depression and broken nerves. Officers and Mexicans both ascribe many of the moral irregularities of Mexicans to the effect of *marihuana*. Mexican names are frequently seen in the lists of those arrested for smuggling opium over the Border. Drug-stores report very large

sales of patent remedies which are taboo by most informed people. Patent remedies, both good and bad, bear directions in Spanish. Elaborate advertisements of drugs and medicines are circulating among Mexicans on both sides of the Border. Homes are sometimes broken up by the use of drugs.

Drink

Drink is the fountain of many sorrows among Mexicans. We took the picture of a murderer with his family, upon his return from the penitentiary. He, with another Mexican, killed an American while they were all drunk. He awakened the next morning to find that he had murdered a man against whom he had no hate.

In Chester, Pennsylvania, where there is usually a large colony of Mexicans, we met a respectable and thoughtful young Mexican who said that eighty Mexicans had just lost their jobs because one of them had stabbed another while under the influence of drink.

It is unnecessary to multiply cases to suggest that unskilled Mexicans who have come into the United States stand in urgent need of our friendly help. However, in our attempt to picture the needs of the vast multitude of these poorer Mexicans, we must not do an injustice to the other thousands who have already attained better things and are fitting their lives into our social, political,

and economic life. Mexicans in the United States are on the upward climb, and they must not be judged so much by their present achievements as by their possibilities. The Mexican, in common with other races, has certain faults, but he also has some very pronounced virtues. We, too, have some very pronounced faults, and, let us hope, some virtues. We can demonstrate the latter by assuming a brotherly attitude toward the Mexican and by helping him in every way possible to make the most of himself in the new home to which he has come.

A Far-reaching Problem

The "Mexican Problem" as we like to call it, although in the eyes of the Mexican it is the "United States Problem," is one from which we cannot run away. The border line between Mexico and the United States stretches 1,833 miles. It is a political boundary rather than a natural barrier, and, as such, is artificial and easily crossed. Our border relationships with Mexico are most intimate. Thousands of Americans are continually crossing the line into Mexico, some of them being our criminals and other undesirable citizens who go as a curse to our sister republic. It is hardly fitting that we should assume a "holier than thou" attitude toward Mexico until we have taken into account what is going on on both sides of the Border. Our trade

across the Border is enormous and growing. We have many things that Mexico wants and Mexico is rich in resources which we can use to advantage. Economically our interests are one.

Nor can we afford to forget that long before our Southwest was a part of the United States, the Mexican had struck his roots deep down into the country. When he comes to us, he is coming to a section of country which was once a part of Mexico. Of this we shall have more to say later.

More than half a century ago Daniel Webster, speaking in a hotel lobby in Washington, said, "No, gentlemen, if we ever have any international difficulties, it will not be in the Northeast or in the Northwest, but down in the Southwest where a great and noble nation is in the throes of mortal conflict, and none of us seems willing to lend a hand." We have largely ignored Mexico as far as constructive help is concerned, but we cannot permanently ignore the hundreds of thousands of Mexicans who have dug their way with pick and shovel into the life of our country. Over vast areas in the Southwest we are entirely dependent upon the Mexican. His children and his children's children will live there as American citizens. They will help to elect our presidents; they will help to establish our moral, political, and religious ideals and practises. Our future is bound up with theirs. We must think about them; we must come to know them; we must work with them in the constructive and worth-while things of life.

Fortunately they are by nature a delightful people with many personal charms and graces. We must not judge them by the unfortunate conditions under which we are forcing many of them to live; rather we should judge ourselves. We have offered the inducements to bring them into the United States and we could not well get along without them, yet we have neglected to provide for them now that they are here. It is to help us to understand better and to stimulate us to plan and work more wisely that this book is written.

Every night and every morn
Some to misery are born;
Every morn and every night,
Some are born to sweet delight . . .
I will not cease from mental fight,
  Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem,
  In England's green and pleasant land.

WILLIAM BLAKE
Souls in Action

II

BACKGROUNDS

> No railing accusation is to be brought against a whole nation nor even against a whole class in a nation.
>
> G. B. Winton

THE present immigration of Mexicans into the United States cannot be fully understood unless we also take into consideration some important facts in the history of Mexico and of our own Southwest.

The Spaniards were the first Europeans to come into Mexico, and they succeeded in impressing not only their customs but also their language upon the new country. Long before they arrived, however, a fascinating panorama of life was being enacted there and throughout the territory which now comprises our own southwestern states. The migrations, conquests, and other movements of those prehistoric peoples are wrapped in impenetrable mystery, except as the story is suggested by the hieroglyphics, picture writings, sculptures, ruins, mounds, and other remains of those early days.

It is believed that about the year 754 A.D. the people known as the Toltecs settled in the Valley of Mexico close to the present site of Mexico City. There they lived and presumably prospered un-

til about 1064, when their power was overthrown by the Chichimecas. About 1325 the Chichimecas were, in turn, conquered by a group of peoples from the north, of whom the Aztecs were the most powerful. It is believed that the Aztecs came into Mexico from what is now the region of Arizona and New Mexico. The first authentic date in Mexican history is the year 1376, when the election of an Aztec war chief is recorded. Other Aztec rulers followed, and the Aztecs, in turn, prospered and developed a civilization of their own. In 1502 Montezuma II was elected to the chief position in the tribe.

It was seventeen years later, in 1519, that the first Spaniards made their appearance under the leadership of Cortes. These energetic Spaniards, representing the mingled blood of the Moors, the Romans, and the Iberian *conquistadores,* very quickly gained control of the country, and the long period of Spanish domination was begun. Large tribute was demanded and much attention given to the complete subjugation of the native groups. Injustice and oppression of many sorts abounded. Spain transplanted the decaying feudalism of Europe to the New World, and its influence still prevails. All of this was before the coming of the Pilgrim band to New England. Several of the Spanish missions yet standing were built before the Boston Tea Party and the Revolutionary War.

Exploring the Southwest

Soon after the arrival of the Spaniards in Mexico, they began to hear of a "fair land" to the north, but they were so busy at the moment in winning control of the south that they paid slight attention to the stories. In 1527, however, Panfilo de Narvaez, a Spanish soldier, was given a grant authorizing him to explore and govern all of that part of New Spain which extended from Florida westward through our present gulf states and on to and including the present states of New Mexico, Texas, and part of northern Mexico. The same year he organized an expedition, sailed from Spain, and landed on the coast of Florida. From there he started westward. It was an ill-fated expedition, and those who took part in it suffered almost every kind of hardship. They were misled, attacked by natives, lost in the swamps, and often on the verge of starvation. The final calamity was that of shipwreck on boats which they had hastily constructed with the hope of escape. The expedition collapsed, and Narvaez died. Nine years later a few stragglers who had worked their way down through Texas and Mexico arrived at Mexico City on July 24, 1536.

In 1539 Friar Marcos de Niza started out from Mexico City to explore the region to the north—now Arizona and New Mexico. When the party reached the pueblos of the Zuni Indians, Marcos returned to Mexico City with glowing accounts

of the things he had seen in this new country.

The following year Francisco Vasquez Coronado was appointed governor of this northern country, which was known as the "Province of New Galicia." He organized an expedition and started out to find the "Seven Cities of Cibola," of which many stories had been told. When he reached the Zuni country, he divided his large group and sent one section toward the west and another toward the east. The western expedition traveled as far as the Grand Canyon, and the eastern group got over into New Mexico. The Zunis, who were eager to get rid of Coronado, told him wonderful tales of a rich land farther toward the east. The party wandered many weary miles over a barren country and finally hanged the guide who had deliberately misled them. The expedition returned to Mexico, where Coronado was permitted to resign as governor of New Galicia. He had not proved to be much of a success as a governor, although he brought back considerable information about the country.

First Settlement and the Indian Revolt

In 1598 Don Juan de Onate with seven hundred men and one hundred and thirty families succeeded in establishing a settlement at Chamita in New Mexico. Seven years later this settlement was moved to Santa Fé, New Mexico. Here again the Spaniard began the subjugation and enslave-

ment of the natives, who, in this case, chanced to be the Pueblo Indians. With the forced aid of the Indians they began to develop the mining, agricultural, and grazing interests of the country, and continued to do so for three quarters of a century. Then the Indians succeeded in organizing a successful revolt. They burned ranch houses and finally besieged the governor in the old Governor's Palace in Santa Fé, and he was forced to flee with as many of his people as he could assemble.

This revolt cost four hundred and one lives, including seventy-eight soldiers and twenty priests. Nor did the Indians stop there. They set about removing every possible trace of their former conquerors. They destroyed the mines; they prohibited the use of the Spanish language; they burned the seeds which the Spaniards had brought into the country; and they destroyed all the Spanish records.

For twelve years, or until 1692, the Pueblos once more controlled the country and did their best to restore their former life and customs. But their triumph did not last long, for in 1692 De Vargas was appointed governor of the "lost province," and he succeeded in subjugating it once more. To this day he is the great Spanish hero of the Southwest, and no celebration in all the region equals the splendor of the annual De Vargas Day celebration in the city of Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico.

Mexican Control

From the time of the coming of De Vargas, in 1692, until 1821 Spain was in control of New Mexico, and in fact she was the dominating influence throughout our entire Southwest. In 1821 Mexico succeeded in throwing off the political control of Spain and three years later, on October 4, 1824, the first constitution of the Republic of Mexico was declared to be in effect.

The internal affairs of Mexico did not quiet down at once with the withdrawal of the Spaniards. For half a century following the winning of Mexican independence there was much of turmoil and many changes occurred in the centralized authority. In 1876 Porfirio Diaz assumed control, and from that date until 1911 he was the dominating figure in Mexico. Then came the revolution under the idealist, Francisco Madero. He was quickly succeeded by the despot, Huerta, and he in turn by the erratic, self-seeking Carranza. In 1920 the Carranza government was overthrown and Adolfo de la Huerta became temporary president of Mexico. A little later General Alvaro Obregon, a farmer-soldier hero, was duly elected president. Although facing many complications and genuine difficulties, he succeeded in quieting much of the unsettled life of Mexico, and on December 1, 1924, General Plutarcho Elias Calles was peacefully inaugurated as the newly elected president of Mexico.

The long story from Cortes (1519) to Calles (1924) is full of many dramatic features. In this book we have not space even to hint of them, but they are well worth studying if we are to understand fully the life and thought of our neighbors, the Mexicans.

While all of these events were taking place in Mexico, even more amazing things were going on in the great region east of the Mississippi River. Explorers had covered the country; settlements had been established; the thirteen colonies had grown up; the Revolutionary War had been fought; American independence had been established; the United States of America had become a reality, and a throbbing agricultural and industrial life was seeking a westward expansion.

Approach from the East

Until the beginning of the nineteenth century, explorers from the East had paid little or no attention to the region of New Mexico and Arizona. In 1804 a peddler from St. Louis wandered down into Mexico and there, in Santa Fé, sold his wares. He then decided to remain in the country rather than to go back and make settlement with his employers. The following year a hunter named James Pursley became lost in the Rocky Mountains and finally found himself in New Mexico. In 1806 Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike, after whom Pike's Peak is named, entered this

country by mistake and built a fort. He was arrested and taken to Santa Fé and later to Mexico City. These were the forerunners from the East.

By the year 1812 enterprising merchants from St. Louis had opened the now famous Santa Fé trail and within a few years this was a permanent pathway over which large trading caravans passed. One such caravan is recorded which included 230 wagons and 350 men and which carried half a million dollars' worth of goods. In 1826 Kit Carson went down into Santa Fé, and from that time until his death it was the center of many of his famous exploits.

During all of this time, following the overthrow of Spanish control in 1821, this southwestern region was a part of Mexico. Mexico, however, was having her troubles with Texas, and in 1836 Texas won her independence and established herself as the Republic of Texas. Nine years later Texas was received as one of the states of the United States. The question of the Texas border line was still in dispute and out of that grew the Mexican War during which, in 1846, General S. W. Kearney marched into the city of Santa Fé, raised the United States flag, and declared that the entire region was the possession of the United States. Not a shot was fired or a drop of blood spilled. Two years later, February 2, 1848, by an agreement with Mexico—the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo—this territory through to California was known as a part of the United States.

A SPANISH-SPEAKING CONGREGATION IN NEW YORK CITY

There are also several distinctly Mexican congregations in Chicago, as well as in other cities in Illinois, and in Pennsylvania and other eastern states.

A BORDER TOWN, SHOWING THE INTERNATIONAL FENCE

The traveler along the Border cannot fail to be impressed with the way the life of Old Mexico mingles with that of the United States. A wire fence is not a very potent separation, and for most of the 1,833 miles there is not even so much as a fence to separate the two countries.

Effects of Spanish Rule

Throughout our four border states, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California, the Spanish and Mexican control of more than three centuries has left a marked impress. The old Spanish missions are but outward symbols of that important period. The blood of the Spanish *conquistadores* was freely mingled with the native stock, and the social and religious life of medieval Spain was impressed upon the country. The surging life of Texas, Arizona, and California has, however, largely submerged the older Spanish inheritance, and one must search if he would find it. Not so in New Mexico! There, doubtless because of the isolation of the people, the old medieval life of Spain has remained largely unchanged down until recent years.

When this territory was taken over by the United States the residents of the region were made citizens of the United States. The treaty also provided that the validity of the old Spanish land-grants should be recognized. These provisions have brought about many strange conditions. Thus we have a state of the Union in which more than half of the people speak the Spanish language, and where interpreters are continually necessary in the transaction of the business of the state. This grows out of the fact that much of the life of New Mexico is rural and the scattered hamlets, many miles from the railroad, are almost

entirely shut off from the English-speaking life of the state. In these places the language of the home and the street is Spanish, and the difficulty of any effective teaching of English, even in the public schools, becomes very great. It was not until 1878 that the first railroad entered the state, and it was two more years before it was completed through to Santa Fé.

The difficulties over the old land-grants in New Mexico have been very great, leading at times even to a sort of civil war within the state. Congress took what seemed to be a long time to find a way out of the complexity in which the treaty had left the situation. Finally a Court of Private Claims was established and most of the questions of land-titles have now been so adjusted that an individual may secure land in New Mexico with as valid a title as in any other state.

New Mexico was an ancient land long before the Spaniards found it, and it is today one of the strangest parts of the United States. It has been called the "Holy Land of America" because the social customs of the people suggest so strongly the life of Palestine in the time of Jesus. To visit the many plaza towns far from the railroad, one would hardly imagine that this country has been a part of the United States for three quarters of a century.

When we acquired this region there were no public schools, almost no Bibles or books of any sort, and practically no roads worthy of the name.

Even today hundreds of Spanish-speaking settlements are reached only by roads which follow the beds of streams, with the result that in times of high water they are entirely cut off from outside communication. All of this has tended to give the people in New Mexico a separate and distinct life.

Spanish-speaking Americans

In speaking of "Mexicans" in the United States it has not been easy to find a nomenclature which would cover with exactness the two groups of Spanish-speaking people in the Southwest. We have large numbers of Mexicans in the United States who have come here as immigrants in recent years. They, too, are rearing their families in this country, and their children are citizens of the United States. The children of these immigrants grow up largely in communities which are predominantly English-speaking. This is not true of the young people in many New Mexican villages. Because these people in New Mexico have such a distinct life of their own, we have come to think of them commonly as Spanish-speaking Americans. That seems more accurate than to call them "Mexicans" since they are native sons and since, for the most part, their fathers and their grandfathers, sometimes for several generations, have been citizens of the United States. They predominate only in the one

state, New Mexico, and they have not been greatly affected by the recent immigration of Mexicans, since only a little more than one per cent of the Mexicans now coming into the United States have New Mexico as their destination, in spite of the fact that New Mexico is one of our four border states.

Early Missionary Work

Almost as soon as this region became a part of the United States, home missionaries found their way to these people. Their coming was not welcomed. There was serious opposition and at least one or two of those early workers were killed. The lives of others were placed in jeopardy. In spite of opposition, the churches have stayed at the task, and they have some very definite results to show for their labors. We shall have more to say of this work later.

The veteran Presbyterian missionary superintendent, Doctor Robert McLean, from his rich experience in South America and along the Border has written a remarkably interesting chapter upon these heroic annals of the Southwest.[1] In the first chapter he notes the effects of the blood mixture, and the reasons for the failure of Spain in America. Among the latter he lists the following: the defeat of the Spanish Armada by England; Spain's neglect of colonization; the refusal

[1] *Old Spain in New America*, page 8 ff.

of her sons to toil; their lust for gold and adventure; her iron grip upon her colonies; in general, Spain's negligence of the ideals of progress, love, hope, education, and the higher life. It is interesting right here to note that Mexico's new president, General Plutarcho Elias Calles, has two hobbies—prohibition and the public school. Mexico has progressed considerably from Cortez to Calles!

Social and Economic Backgrounds

"The rich becoming richer and the poor becoming poorer" is the apt phrase to characterize Mexico's past social and economic order. The amassing of wealth by a favored class, which included the Roman Catholic Church, had progressed to an intolerable degree. It was said that the Roman Church alone controlled one third of the national wealth. The revolutionary spirit in Mexico in recent years has been directed particularly toward the land-barons. Many noble, innocent, and thrifty victims, such as merchants and small land-holders, were caught in the upheaval. Many of these lost all of their property and are now exiles above the Border, trying to get started once more. Despite these unfortunate by-products, the chief ends sought by the revolutionists have been accomplished or are in process of being achieved. The government has become more genuinely responsible to the people

than ever before, and special laws against exploitation and abuses have been enacted. The closed confessional, the wearing of religious garbs, the holding of religious processions, and all owning of property by churches are now prohibited. This legislation is aimed directly at the Roman Catholic Church, which had carried its abuses to such lengths that it had become intolerable to the people.[1] It carries one step further the process of throwing off the Spanish influence, the political aspects of which were ended at the time of the overthrow of Spanish control in the year 1821.

The various recent revolutions in Mexico have had at their root a common cause. Pancho Villa, the famous bandit-leader of Mexico, was an untutored, plebeian, popular leader. On the other hand, Francisco Madero, who overthrew the power of Diaz, was a very wealthy, refined, and cultured gentleman and idealist. Yet Villa and Madero led the same folk.

One of our brightest young Mexican friends was an officer under Villa for many months. The Mexican federals had despoiled his father of horses, cattle, and merchandise. To "get even" with the robbers and assassins of his father, he joined the "revolutionaries." Finally he came across the Border, as so many of his fellows have

[1] In March, 1925, dispatches from Mexico reported that no member of the Knights of Columbus might hold a government position. Reports also indicate that the Catholic Church of Mexico is succeeding the Roman Catholic Church in that republic.

done. He talks of returning, but he will never do so, unless, perchance, he should go back as a missionary. He has been in school for several years and is now serving a fine congregation of his own people in California as pastor.

Along with his other experiences the Mexican has tasted the true depths of poverty. Few Americans realize just what is involved in "eking out an existence." The Mexican knows, for he has lived through the experience, and his previous economic helplessness persists when he reaches this land of plenty. A young Mexican widower represented a vast number of his people when he said once to the writer: "In my *patria* I got little pay, about fourteen cents a day. *Señor, muy poco* (very little). When later I got my woman, it was impossible. So we come to this country for *major pago* (better pay). But in three years we had three children. My young woman died when the last little girl was born. Now what can I do?"

Who Are the Mexicans?

Not long ago a man in New York became acquainted with a Mexican youth employed in a business office. It chanced that this Mexican was of fairer complexion than his Anglo-Saxon friend. One day the Anglo-Saxon said, "You're not a real Mexican, are you? You're Spanish."

"What are you talking about!" exclaimed the

Mexican youth. "A Mexican? Of course I am a Mexican."

The incident introduces us to one of the common misconceptions as to just what a Mexican is. One hears many strange words in conversation about Mexicans such as "mestizo," "cholo," "Creole," and "peon." Many of these words are used loosely, and it would be hard to give a scientific definition of them which would meet the approval of all who use them. In general, however, the descendants of the original infusion of some Spanish blood with the aborigines during the "days of the Dons" and of the *conquistadores* in the sixteenth century are the true Latin Americans, or "pure" Mexicans, Cubans, Spanish Californians, etc.

Those who mixed blood later on, who have not been able by wealth, fair countenance, education, or great public service to break through into this upper class of four hundred years of family history, are really the Creoles, the *mestizos,* or the *cholos.* Usually the real facts are courteously ignored concerning this point and people are only referred to as Creoles or *mestizos* when occasion demands it,—in literature, history, or social explanations. It is a delicate subject.

Cholos and peons form really more of a social than a hereditary class, including both the *mestizos* or mixed, and Indians. It refers to a humble class condition of servitude and dependence rather

than to race or even color. The *cholo* or peon is a large, unconsciously wretched, though potentially mighty, ultimate factor to reckon with in Latin American society.

What was the original stock into which the Latin European white blood was infused? A volume would be required to show the vast difference between the average conception of the North American Indian—"The red men of the forest" —and the stock into which Cortez and Pizarro succeeded in planting the strain that formed the first Latin Americans. Putting it abruptly: when some cultured pilgrims intermarried with belles of the original red men, they usually lifted those savage lives, but the white men who came were not all "cultured pilgrims"—far from it. Let us look at this native trunk of the Latin American racial tree.

The pure Indians of Mexico speak at least one hundred and eighty dialects. Benito Juarez was a full-blooded Mixtec Indian. Hidalgo and other great Mexican deliverers were pure Indians; Porfirio Diaz was of nearly pure Indian blood. It is interesting to speculate on whether we might not have today a different Mexico had Diaz likewise been of pure aboriginal stock. Recent estimates that have been made after careful investigation reveal the fact that there are approximately eighteen million aboriginal Indians in Latin America. Wandering Mexicans constantly mix with the

Indians on both sides of the Border. The Ysleta Indians speak Spanish well. Indians and *cholos* pass interchangeably. Pure Mexicans are found at such Indian schools as Sherman Institute.

Those who say Mexicans are Indians are surprised to have Mexicans frankly admit that most of them are largely of Indian blood, if we perpetuate Columbus' colossal ethnological blunder, but they point out that the aborigines of Mexico were a striking contrast to the fighting nomads known to American pioneers as the "red-skins." Yet, these savage red-skins have scions now in the government of the United States occupying posts of honor and prominence. The Mexicans are seeing all this and feeling the stirring of a new race consciousness. Such a race consciousness bodes well for the future of this New World. The lure of a new fraternity, a new comity, a new liberty in religious life, and economic opportunity is back of it. There is a new sense in Pan-America of mutual appreciation and mutual interdependence. Every small or large Latin American mission in the Southwest or farther east is helping to build the life of this entire Western Hemisphere.

What the Mexican Thinks of Himself

The inborn pride of all Latin peoples leads them to counter in self-defense when referred to slightingly.

They take the following lines of defense: (1)

There is a difference in racial and national ideals. They canonize kindness, courtesy, affection, art, love of beauty, generosity. We revere efficiency, truthfulness, frankness, firmness, thrift, practicality, enterprise. Our religion, they say, has taught us our ideals, while theirs has taught them their ideals. They do not ask which code is better. They simply seek thus for an accounting. (2) They frankly admit the presence of caste in their social system, and recognize a negligible lower class. Certain people "count," others do not "have importance." (3) Though not satisfactory to us, it appears to satisfy masses of indulgent politicians, parents, and priests simply to apologize naïvely for the weaknesses and foibles of their people. Here is a real reason for those belated millions who have never, until recently, begun seriously to improve their community conditions. Few of those in places of influence and authority in the past have expected them to do so. A peon agitator once sought to account for his people by saying: "We are no good. We are food for powder. Yes, we are just good to stand up against the wall and be shot."

All this has resulted in a state of strain for the Mexican. This accounts for the apparent air of self-sufficiency about many of them, even when they feel very unable to cope with their problems and to measure up to the keen competition above the Border. The other horn of the dilemma seems to be to renounce and forsake their race. It is not

uncommon to meet Mexicans who disclaim their racial stock and say, "Me no espeakee Spanishe." One youth said, after we had angled with him on the matter for several minutes, "Yes, I am Spanish, but I don't like to tell people."

So much for what the Latin American thinks of himself. There is bright hope in the fact that at last he is beginning "to stand off and watch himself go by," indicating the dawn of a better day of efficiency and of good-natured give and take.

The Problems of Adjustment

A true judgment of Mexicans requires a study of them in their own element. They are out of their element in the United States. They are unadjusted—unassimilated. One bright lawyer of Spanish blood said, "I am a man without a country, and so are my people." They do not feel natural here. They are suspicious and on their guard. No rooting down is possible to an organism in such a relation to life. In making their approach, too often they are subjected to a romantic molly-coddling by the Americans. Most harmful to character and progress is this silly sort of "Americanization." People will exclaim in public over the Mexican "eyes of midnight," dimpled smiles, poetic phrases, and musical talents, and at the same time ride rough-shod over brothers of these same people—often those who have

more strength of character, but who do not possess these charms. Many a Spanish girl has been pushed over the precipice to her ruin by this foolish and sinister approach. They should be treated like other people. Then we learn that they are fascinating candidates for fine friendship, useful service, and good citizenship. This world needs more heart, and the Latins have it.

All who work sympathetically with Mexicans discover qualities of nobility which are quite surprising to us. In addition to those mentioned above, other traits are characteristic of them. They are self-forgetful and generous beyond all measure—or even common sense. They share their last crust with each other. Sacrifices of life itself are not uncommon. One of our young Mexican Epworth League members, when he saw his boss in peril, quickly climbed down the ladder into the deadly gas-tank, helped his employer out, and was himself fatally overcome. A train carrying passengers and dynamite was standing at a station along the Border. Suddenly fire was discovered in the car next to the tons of explosives. Instantly the Mexican engineer rushed his fireman back to warn the passengers and crew, while he threw open the throttle and pulled the train out away from the town, where the frightful explosion left only memories of the brave hero, the savior of many lives. These are typical cases, and they might be multiplied. Of the fifteen thousand Spanish-American soldiers in the World

War, it is notable that a large proportion chose machine gun companies, which they well knew represented serious business.

There is marked talent among these people for diplomacy and adaptability to delicate situations. With minds accustomed to drawing the most courtly and fine shades of meaning in spoken or written speech, they possess winning powers which are the despair of the average American. Here they resemble the Oriental, to whom many regard them as ethnically related.

They are versatile and dignified. They seem so deferential and complimentary that our slow wits surrender for want of anything else that we can do. They wear us out, and force seems to be our only recourse unless we can win them over. It should be noted that in events reaching back several years Mexico has moved each time toward Uncle Sam's "King Row" in our international game of checkers. They did *not* salute the flag, nor did they *surrender* Villa. Turned to useful purposes, such powers of diplomacy are invaluable in this world where peace-makers are at high premium.

Foes of the Mexican Home and Community

A police officer of San Francisco said: "Not less than ten thousand Mexicans, Spaniards, Filipinos, and Porto Ricans crowd in here each winter from the fruit ranches, and I tell you the

sharks are waiting for them on every corner." The Mexicans everywhere fall easy prey to clever exploiters, usually of foreign or mixed blood. The sad story begins with the exorbitant rents charged for cramped and dirty habitations. In one case, the rent charged for a house paid the entire cost of its construction in seven months.

Another social bandit preying on the Mexicans is the employment agency. There seems to be some double-action railroading being done by a collusion between *oficinas de empleo* and the *mayordomos* (bosses) of the construction gangs. The Mexicans pay advance charges of from one to five dollars and then mysteriously lose their jobs after three days or a week, for no apparent reason. If there is a company commissary, they are required to buy their clothing, food, and other supplies there at a price often from fifty to one hundred per cent more than they would cost in the near-by town. And any Mexican who "squeals" is promptly laid off.

The next shark is the loan shark or pawnbroker, who grows fat on his easy prey. Hopes of soon getting work bring to the pawn shop thousands of fine and rare treasures, which are never seen again, and which were parted with for the convenience of a loan. The chronic emergency of the optimistic victims, who are products of Mexican peonage, has absorbed all funds and more when at last the hoped-for work is secured.

Life insurance, which is usually a blessing to

society, is forced upon Mexican laborers by unscrupulous agents in a fashion reminding one of how the early *conquistadores* forced the aborigines to buy spectacles of window-glass for eyes which could see like the eagle, and razors for beards which never grew.

It is significant that halls and all sorts of shops and stores are usually maintained in, or near to, the Mexican colonies by Japanese, Chinese, Greeks, Italians, and some—usually American-born—Spanish Americans. The Mexicans seem to know how to run blind pigs successfully, as tools of the bilingual merchant-rogues of other races.

Among the most prolific exploiters of unheeding Mexicans are the shyster lawyers. Going to the jails with their daily grist of Mexican unfortunates, these vampires study the case of each and proceed to extort money under the plea of advance fees, somewhat after the fashion of the priests asking for money to get loved ones out of purgatory.

One Mexican father had not drunk for years. He lived in a tent house with a large and happy family. His pride was his new bicycle which became the envy of some young neighbors. On a holiday they came with whiskey bottles which may have contained something else besides. The sequel was that the drunken owner of the bicycle, while being pressed to sell the bicycle below its cost, at last lost consciousness and awakened in

MEXICANS? NO! THEY ARE AMERICANS IN THE MAKING!

People frequently talk about "the Mexicans in the United States," forgetful of the fact that "Mexican" children are really American children. Above is a group in a Home for Mexican Orphans in California. Below is a club of boys gathered from the streets of San Antonio.

SCHOLARSHIP GIRLS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

These four girls were all born in Mexico. Two of them are "pure" Mexicans. Perhaps you can tell which these two are.

the city jail. One of the young men was in the county hospital with a leg shattered by a bullet from Don Juan's revolver.

The usual nimble-tongued bilingual lawyer brought the promise of speedy liberty to this man who had never had experience with courts or jail before, if the family could raise forty dollars. Toll was levied upon the heart-broken wife's meager savings and those of all well-disposed friends of whom Mexicans in trouble always have a wealth, in number at least. It was a pathetic sight to see the faithful father reach out his strong, useful arms through the bars of the prison cell to embrace his beloved and really beautiful children.

Other and larger sums were demanded by the so-called "lawyer." But Don Juan never got his liberty. Who knows what immoral and anarchistic impressions stained his soul during those first months of life in a congested prison—all brought to pass through the crime of having taken a glass or two of doped whiskey.

Agents, merchants, and all sorts of dealers ply their nefarious traffic among these "new Americans." A newsboy on a train will often be seen to pass by forty people in the time he will devote to one or two Mexicans. Frequently he will sit down with them, for he is pretty sure to make a sale. It is to be noted that those who succeed in luring away the meager pay of the Mexicans have gone to the trouble to learn Spanish.

The Value of Money

Puritanic, thrifty, bargain-driving Yankees are disgusted with the incongruity of purse and purchase and the foolish luxuries indulged in by the Mexicans. Families in need of public aid, who have been pauperized by unscientific American charity, will be seen buying ice-cream cones, candy, and gay attire, all to the disgust of friends at first inclined to help. Hasty judgment suggests that they are either mentally deficient or lacking in common sense and plain honesty. The fact is, they have never discovered the value of money, as they have never discovered the value of time. Savings accounts and wonderful feats of economy in dress and living are important by-products of our mission work. In matters of money, as in morals, they swing far over when converted. It is from citizens of the most prodigal nation on earth, our United States, that these Mexicans take lessons in buying luxuries and making other injudicious purchases. They are like the poor country boy making unwise expenditures of his first earnings in a great city, particularly if he has not had Christian restraints and wise business counsels before he left home.

Early Marriages

The early marriages contracted by many beautiful Mexican girls rob them of their young

womanhood and in the end create genuine social problems. Just after opening the clinic door one morning at half-past eight, a tall Mexican woman with a very pretty face followed me back to the examination room and asked if we had some baby clothes. Seeing the lines of sorrow and care on her face, I asked her if I could be of any further service to her. She seemed to appreciate immediately the sympathetic touch, and unburdened her heart by giving a bit of her life's story. "I was married one month before I was thirteen years old; before I was fourteen I was a mother. I never had any girlhood; I am now twenty-six years old, and the mother of eleven children, six of whom are dead. Three of my children could not walk; yes, it was a blessing when they died. I suffer much from my husband at times. Men do not care for their wives. Oh, I am so sorry these babies came. I am so sorry I was married so young; but it is too late now!" Her eyes brightened when she was asked to bring her children to Sunday school, to join our Mothers' Club, and to learn to sew and to speak better English.

A Challenge

Perhaps, however, no menace to the welfare of the Mexican is greater than our own indifference to him. Several years ago this remark fell on our ears: " 'Taint American, I tell ye. We don't treat any other foreigners the way we treat these

Mexicans." The speaker was an Irish Catholic. We were seeking a youth, a relative of President Diaz, who had been found by a Christian woman along the roadside, very near to death. After convalescence, we lost sight of him and found him again in a roadhouse of bad repute, where he had found refuge and light work. It was here that he told us the story of his attempted suicide. Chafing under the caste of Mexico, he had fled over the Border where his lot was a hard one, for his hands and mind were unaccustomed to heavy toil on ranch and railroad. His peon fellow-toilers bantered him. In his loneliness and chagrin, he sent a bullet through his head, severing one optic nerve. In a letter found beside his wounded body, he had written that his burden had become too heavy to endure, and requested the officers not to accuse his fellows, especially naming the one who had gaffed him the most and who had stolen his guitar. The first moment of conversation with this young Mexican nobleman disclosed his culture and high ideals. Later correspondence with the young man emphasized the observation of our Irish friend who helped us to locate him and who had gone on to say as we parted: "Juan is a foine fellow, pure as sunlight, even in this place. I tell ye, 'taint American the way we treat the Mexicans!" And Patrick's words have haunted us these five years. Perhaps here is a hint of why Mexican immigrants rarely of themselves become American citizens.

While we remain indifferent, however, other forces are playing upon the Mexican within our borders. Inflammatory speeches are constantly being delivered in Mexican colonies, and a radical literature distributed among Mexicans.

In the plaza we heard a vicious-appearing but witty demagogue haranguing two hundred Mexicans. Among other blasphemous things, we heard him say: "Religion is false and dangerous. It unbalances the lobes of the brain. The Bible is a lie and a deception. That church over there in front of you (the Catholic Plaza Church) is a den of rogues and graft. All other churches are like it. The great Nazarene himself said, 'Those who injure and wrong you are rogues and deceivers.'" This superficial and shocking freethought is more or less accepted by at least half of the Latins of Pan-America, who have come in contact with the doctrines.

Sin works; let me work, too.
Sin undoes; let me do.
Busy as Sin, my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

III

MAKING CONTACTS WITH THE MEXICANS

> The Kingdom of God consists of the brotherly sons of God using their powers in a friendly fashion.
>
> BOSWORTH

SINCE the real "Border" is more racial than geographical, it is the line of racial contact rather than the Rio Grande which must be crossed in order to reach the Mexicans. Workers among Mexicans and other Latins come to understand and to love them. And Latins know how to reciprocate promptly and cordially the efforts to open a way for mutual understanding. The avenue of interracial approach is clearly marked. It is along the way of friendliness and common sense. But there are many obstacles.

A college girl, seeking a position in "Spanish missions," was invited to an excellent position, with an apartment, in a new, fine, institutional Mexican church. It was a fascinating opportunity in a cultured, progressive American city. But the girl and her parents recoiled in terror at the thought of her "serving on the Border." Their ideas were distorted.

This misconception is a common one. What do you suppose the Mexicans *think of us?* Evi-

dently we all need to think again on certain points. We are *too near* to be neighborly in a constructive, interracial Christian way. We are interested in poor, ignorant folk on the other side of the globe, but when we get into actual contact with people of different races, we bring out a social steam-roller instead of the Bible, a handshake, and a generous missionary offering. The Japanese question illustrates the point. It is easier to get a thousand dollars for Japan than a dollar for local Japanese. They are too near. It is not merely because "distance lends enchantment"; it is more the close-up revelation of racial antipathies that exist in un-Christian and selfish individuals. Isolated cases and exceptional incidents become highly colored in the heated imagination of interested and provincial individuals until all Mexicans become "sheep-killing dogs." The first obstacle is that of nearness. Familiarity, rather than "breeding contempt," must be made to result in awakening genuine interest and action.

Then again the very vastness of the task appalls rather than invites. Yet here is a lure of the baffling—a call of the impossible. A border that cannot be sealed can be healed. A people who are not provident can be made socially efficient. A Latin American life on either side of the Border, though nominally Roman Catholic and very illiterate, passionate, and prejudiced, can and does

respond promptly to the right approach. Yet the size of the task strikes terror to the heart and is a severe obstacle to be overcome by faith and experience.

The fact that the task is inevitable makes people shrink from it. It is one American task that is not optional. Providence clearly beckons us to the Latin Americans now as never before. We must come to sense an obligation and an opportunity in every house-court, railroad section, fruit camp, and, most of all, in each individual Mexican above the Border. Most of our native pastors were reached by the approach of some friendly Americans who saw in them possibilities of leadership among their own people. Mexicans are not "in our back yard" but they are coming to our front door.

Some vain and vicious theories and prejudices must be removed in our approach to Latin Americans. A fever of "intervention" frequently seizes the press and, through it, reaches the people of our country. People tell us that "in helping the Mexicans, we are helping our future foes. They will use their education and independence to fight us later on."

As with the Negroes, there are ever present individuals who propose deportation or a forced exodus of Mexicans back across the Border "where they belong," with the suggestion that the "Border be walled up and you missionaries to the Mexicans be sent down there to keep

order." Such an attitude is not helpful in the uplift of a supersensitive and wronged people. Somebody should be around to remind such detractors that if there are interlopers to be pushed back or expelled from other people's lands, we are perhaps the ones who should be so pushed back.

The most common fling taken at the Mexicans is to say that they are "just Indians" and are therefore, like all savages, doomed to extinction. The fact is, as we have seen, they are not savages—nor were they ever; and the numerous families and very high birth-rate does not look like "race suicide" or the "end of the trail" of the Latin Americans. Such specious slanders of a people we are to help must be answered by facts and a more friendly approach.

Another obstacle to right approach is the mutual recoil of comfortable, better-dressed people from the toiling and needy poor. A Mexican pastor, after seeing his new parsonage for the first time, said, "Oh, my brothers, you are too kind to give us so fine a home. When my wife and I saw it, our hearts ached, because our Mexican people are all so poor. They have no place to sleep. They are hungry and have poor clothes. Many of my young men have no place except bad resorts to lodge. My Mexicans have very poor houses. Oh, brothers, this, my lovely pastor's home, is too fine! The *señora* and I went home and could not sleep for three nights thinking about what our people will say when we live so comfortably."

This pastor is a spiritual magnet. He draws his people, for he recoils from comfort and elegance when his people cannot share it all. On the other hand, no finer contribution can be made to the Mexican colony than to plant in it a neat, attractive, happy, model community home. Half of the Mexicans will never enter a Protestant chapel, but they will come to this "pastor's house" and get incentives and ideas about neat homes.

The pastor referred to above is a former educator in Mexico and finely cultured. He is a first-class tailor and always dresses neatly and well. His children are leading students and athletes in the university and high school. But he feels no recoil from the poorly dressed and suffering Mexicans.

The Color Line

Besides the matter of dress and environment, another external which bars immediate approach is the matter of reference to color. Mexicans are of the "white race"; but their past or present occupation and manner of life may have given them a trigeño (dark) complexion, as is usually the case with Indian types. The approach to Mexicans is blocked when reference is made to "white folks" in contrast to the Mexicans. Even if Latin Americans did have color, it is an external which any tactful, experienced servant of God who deals with "foreigners" learns to forget.

Other external and inevitable occasions for failure to make immediate approach are the following. The socially independent, possessed of thrift, initiative, and the mystic, price-reducing power of "cash to buy," usually feel a condescension or even scornful impatience with those who "live from hand to mouth." Here is a main barrier between the average Yankee and the Mexican. There is an arrogance that goes with better fortune. It is seen among the "get rich quick" of any race. We Americans are all rich compared with the Mexicans, and most of us have become rich quickly, not only in the comforts of life, but also in education, opportunity, and the removing of external barriers. There is a recoil of light from darkness in matters of culture—an arrogance of enlightenment when dealing with the benighted. The problem of approach is to remove not only from self-sufficient Americans this sense of superiority, but also from the better-class Mexicans and other Latins the spirit which stiffly, coldly responds to the challenge to approach the "proletariat" of their own people. A major portion of the prejudice, barring a sincere, immediate approach, is lodged in the minds of the people needing help. They say: "They are above us. They have plenty to eat and to wear, and they do not care for us. We do not want their charity." Here is suggested the leading approach which socialism is enabled to make to these masses. For, listening to the better-class Mexicans, one hears

often remarks like the following: "They are just peons." "They ought to know better." "They are really no good." "They just travel from place to place and are useful only to stir up trouble for society." Fortunately, a far different spirit between classes is being reflected above the Border. Both classes are learning.

Two unique obstacles to be overcome are: first, the Mexican sensitiveness about the taking of their territory in 1847, and second, their recent real and fancied exploitation by the "gringos" (Americans). We are paying the price now for America's record in Mexican affairs which has often been inconsistent with the spirit of Christian missions. Mexicans are prompt to respond to things of the heart. In the approach, if it be genuinely sincere and unaffected, they will go the last two thirds of the way. But usually the first approach brings one into contact with the sentiment, "We don't want the Yankee religion. You are just trying to get a hold on us."

The second unique obstacle is the remoteness of the Border from the East with its stubborn prejudices as to "what you can do with the Mexicans." Between the Eastern lack of sympathy with the real problem and its solution, and the Western spirit of the Border and of the Forty-niners, the task of laying deep foundations for mutual understanding with Latin Americans in the Southwest is retarded. It is more than a matter of mere missionary appropriation and equip-

ment; it is more a matter of sympathetic cooperation between the Mexicans themselves and those who know them best. One of the bilingual workers says, "Unless people have Latin Americans really upon their hearts, they can have ever so much training and missionary zeal, but they will not approach the Mexican work from the right point of view." Plans which are apparently ideal for the East, and even methods which have worked with other foreign-speaking groups and in other sections, do not always work with the people from over the Border.

Most human problems are personal and arise from misunderstandings. For Americans the problem of understanding the Mexicans is simply a matter of study and attention.

Asking the Mexican admiral to salute the United States flag was a capital blunder. Asking Mexico to cooperate in capturing Francisco Villa, the bandit chieftain, was just as stupid a misunderstanding of the Mexican personal equation. It overlooked "Spanish pride." Racial incompatibility crops out when American practicality is pitted against Latin honor.

Scars of the Past

In accounting for the Latin American personality certain scars of their past, suggested in a previous chapter, must be sympathetically kept in mind.

(1) The Mexicans have been an *isolated* people, and isolated peoples are likely to be innocent, sensitive, naïve, provincial, and possessed of traits which may be classified as adolescent if not puerile. They are not faults: they are traits or stages of development.

(2) There is the scar of *oppression.* This is due to Spanish viceroys, land owners, despotic governments, and an exploiting Church.

(3) Latin Americans *have been or are Roman Catholics,* socially if not devotedly. Their faith, as compellingly taught by the character of the saints they worship, is one of worshiping the recluse, the unnatural, the inversion rather than the development of nature's charms and talents.

(4) In the approach we feel the venom of much *propaganda of hate.* It is a virus that works most mischief in Mexico. Down there things said are more easily believed, especially if backed by the parochial priest and press. Multitudes in Mexico have been taught that "American plows are bewitched," and similar superstitions.

(5) The anachronism of *peonage and virtual serfdom* in this twentieth century and in this New World raises a barrier to natural approach and frank understanding. The deep scars of this social cancer are observed in dealing with the laboring class of Mexicans. That is why they can be treated by large employers of labor as if they were cattle and regarded as of little more worth to society and the kingdom of God.

Unwelcome Clients and Patients

The difficulty of linking the Mexican immigrants with our social life, even in the great cities where civic organizations with skilled specialists have facilities for all manner of relief work, is a perplexing one.

It should be realized that, poorly dressed and uncouth as many of the needy Mexicans are, these suffering people cannot be admitted to the offices of doctors and professional men. They would prejudice respectable patronage. Physicians and specialists, however, show wonderful interest in the founding of special clinics where the best of skill may be administered to the worst of physical needs.

Dr. W. Curtis Brigham writes:

> It has been my lot to work among the poor Spanish and Mexican people of southern California to some extent for about eleven years. In this work I have observed several things. First, the Spanish people, no matter how poor or illiterate, are proud, and one's influence is soon destroyed if their poverty or ignorance is apparently noticed. Second, their homes are impossible from a surgical standpoint. Sanitary, dietetic, and hygienic measures for the prevention and relief of disease are very difficult in their homes. Third, they have a great fear of the institutions supported by the public moneys, largely, I think, because institutions so supported do not and cannot take the time to explain their methods. Fourth, they become greatly attached to those who give them relief in their sufferings; in fact, they almost deify their benefactors.

The Latin Americans are extremely grateful to friends who show them a better way of living than theirs of suffering, grief, and the all-too-common drugs. One mother, aided at a critical time at Angel Island, San Francisco, named her twin babies "Los Angeles" and "San Francisco." A little boy, who had suffered long with infantile paralysis, vigorously resisted the first attentions at the clinic, but later cried when compelled to leave the bath, and went away in his little wagon affectionately grasping his new crutches.

Dr. Robert McLean, Superintendent of Presbyterian Mexican work in the United States, after years of labor in at least three foreign fields, says, "No field at home or abroad is in greater need of doctors and nurses than this southwest region."[1]

Mexicans are sometimes accused of being proud, lazy, and improvident. As a matter of fact, they stand destitute and helpless in the stream of American life and industrial competition. They are ignorant of the customs and ideals of the country. They do not know how to "take the Americans." They become prejudiced against us in their own country, and come only to improve conditions for themselves and their families. They believe that all Americans are Protestants and that their churches are either portals to hell or institutions of graft, depending on whether the prejudices were instilled by Romanist or socialist.

[1] *Old Spain in New America,* page 140.

They read little, but talk and listen much. Rumors abound throughout Latin America that Americans are hard taskmasters and are "insolently indifferent" when it comes to a disagreement in closing a bargain or in making payment for services rendered.

What Prevents Social Amalgamation?

(1) *Distrust.* Mexicans live in distrust of each other to a large extent. As this ceases to be true, Mexico promises to become a united and strong nation. Mexicans will unite for social clubs, but not for ventures requiring practical confidence such as contracts. Though utterly gracious, generous, and hospitable to strangers, they have learned to live in distrust of strangers. They are especially suspicious of any sort of new propaganda which does not quite fit into their way of thinking.

(2) *Fear.* A whole chapter might be written concerning the fears of the Mexicans. In their own country they have lived from infancy in terror of revolution, exploitation, and domestic disaster. With them every day has been an experience of living but a step from death.

A well-educated Mexican, in his address before a young people's convention, said: "You young people even in infancy have looked up from your cradles into parental eyes which reflected peace, confidence, hope, and joy. You have had noth-

ing to fear. Most of us Mexicans from our cradles, if we were so fortunate as to have cradles, have looked up into the faces of parents in whose eyes were not reflected the contentment, hopes, and Christian faith that you have always known."

The poorer Mexicans rarely have a stove to warm their chilly rooms; they are afraid of warm air and of warm water. They are afraid to start a new thing lest they fail. They are afraid to attempt a new thing lest something happen. They are afraid to begin learning English, as other foreigners do, lest somebody will hear them make a mistake and laugh at them. Most of all, they are afraid of social ostracism or persecution. Castilian pride cannot endure being laughed at. Bold and valorous in battle and heroic in adventure, the Mexicans are still a people who live largely in a chronic state of fear. They brood over somebody who is sick, or the last misfortune, or the lost job. The strange thing is that this state of fear is not revealed on first acquaintance, but it is none the less a fact.

(3) *Prejudice.* Mexican immigrants have been so long despised and made the objects of unkind reference in literature and jest that they have come to meet prejudice with prejudice. One American criticism can create a ferment in a whole crew. It is probable that if less were said in criticism of the Mexicans' refusal to become American citizens, they themselves would much more quickly join our other new Americans who

are eager for citizenship. Ignorance is not the only reason for the Mexicans' distaste for American citizenship. Other reasons are: his residence is so close to Mexico; the Border friction; and the persistent bitterness over the treaties of Guadalupe Hidalgo and Cahuenga. All these considerations in a subconscious way, combined with ignorance of American ideals and of the English language, contribute to retard the Americanization of the Mexicans.

A further complication in recent years comes from the agitation by so-called socialists who are seeking to form an international republic. These agitators constantly harangue the Mexicans in the plazas and Mexican quarters, and publish in Spanish scurrilous tracts and editorials to the effect that America is a nation of oppressors, dupes, and grafters. This constantly prejudices the Mexicans, particularly the ignorant and suffering ones, against the American Government and the securing of their citizenship therein.

These agitators boast that they are the only true friends of the masses and that the revolutions in France, Russia, and Mexico must sweep over the entire world. They slyly insinuate that should the Mexicans become American citizens, they might some day be compelled to fight against their own country, Mexico. The average Mexican mind of all classes drops into the "*mañana*" philosophy, saying, "Well, we will probably go back to Mexico sometime, so what is the use of becom-

ing American citizens?" There is a still further factor involved here, for the Mexican soon learns that as a citizen of Mexico he can, in time of trouble, turn to the Mexican consul in the United States. If he becomes a citizen of the United States, there is no one upon whom he can call in time of need.

(4) *A false philosophy of life.* With the average Mexican, his philosophy—and he always has one—is that of seeking the line of least resistance to a fancied personal gain. Such philosophy among any culturally handicapped people usually results in a search for objectives that are immediate, easy, and free from unpleasant contacts with others. They believe that what happens had to happen. Reading few, if any, great books to lift up ideals of active soul adventure, their existence is largely one of uninspired toil and lonely striving, or, more commonly, a resigned existence of unawakened living for personal pleasure. The Mexicans, as a people, on both sides of the Border are like a sleeping giant.

But the doings in Mexico today indicate that the giant is awaking. The new constitution of Mexico is unique among the nations in most respects. Its efforts for a new and much more general public education indicate an intellectual awakening below the Border. It is very important to determine who shall awaken these strong men to the South.

The Mexicans and Play

"Oh, come on, let's have another picnic!" "Señor, fix us up a handball court." "Why can't we come in like those girls and have a good time? We boys can sew, too." So our workers are greeted.

The play instinct is a part of Mexican life as is the case in every other country. The trouble is lack of direction. Much of Mexican play is of the "bleacher" sort. As a nation they have for generations watched cock-fights and *los toros* (bull-fights), and sat around playing the guitar or bantering each other with quips and superficial jokes and, in maturer years, playing cards. "Thrumming a guitar and cheering on a cock-fight or a bull-fight do not exhaust life's possibilities," wisely observes Ralph Welles Keeler.

Among the diversions of the Mexicans, music is very prominent. Guitar, piano, orchestra, and band are delightful features of their life. The Mexican bands and orchestras are a remarkable aggregation of artists. They often include several mere boys, sometimes as young as nine years of age. Dressed in the bright colors of the Mexican Military Band, with much red in evidence, and helmets with white cockades, they impress one greatly even before they render, in their remarkably fine form, classic selections, many of which are composed by the directors themselves.

Vice is the threshold between play and sin. All too frequently the witchery of music and easy flow of merry words and laughter degenerates into vice. The dancing girl and the wine-cup are star attractions in every Mexican colony. The Santa Rosa Club, the Independence Day balls, and the *Benavides* pool hall form an altogether disproportionate and unwholesome attraction for the social and physical welfare of these pleasure-loving Latins. They are coming to have a perfect mania for moving pictures. Stereopticon lectures given to Mexicans are popular and usually draw out some "operators" who have had experience running the *cinematografo*. The famous San Gabriel Mission Play, like the Passion Play at Oberammergau, has such a hold through its spectacular and local material interests that it is very popular. Mexican and Portuguese names are becoming very common on Sunday baseball teams and in boxing bouts. At a New Year's Day navy tournament, the program showed that five of the boxers were men with Latin American names. Mexican boys and men are becoming increasingly popular as caddies on the golf links. One often sees these caddies picking up the cigarettes laid down or thrown away by the players.

Unfortunate Press Comments

In the *Fresno Republican,* probably the most thoughtful daily west of Kansas City, one reads:

The Mexican is an habitual indigent. His presence in my community is destructive to American ideals. . . . There are certain respects in which the Mexican presents a less serious race problem than any other form of imported servile labor. Temporarily, Orientals are better. Japanese, Chinese, and Hindus are clean, intelligent, and enterprisingly able to take care of themselves. Mexican peons are dirty, diseased, stupid, and helpless. . . . If imported, then we must recognize that we are bringing in the *most helpless people on earth,* for whom somebody must care, if we do not, after we are through with them in this industrial crisis.

The Relief and Employment Commission of the same city (a city in which, at the time, there was no Mexican mission) gives out the following as the sentiment of the Commission.

We are constantly called upon to administer relief to local Mexican residents. The Commission finds that the presence of Mexican laborers, whose standards of living are much lower than those of the community at large, is a continual menace to the health and welfare of the community. It is informed by other relief agencies of the state that a similar problem exists wherever there is a Mexican settlement. Most of these Mexican laborers have been brought here by large employers of labor who have made a practise of leaving them on the community when the season of employment is at an end.

Such a situation in the community tends to aggravate the race problem.

How a Judge Made Contact

A judge was present at an illustrated address delivered in an American church. At its close he

said: "You have shown me two things tonight: first, the remarkable possibilities of Mexicans when given a chance; and second, the possibility of employing the stereopticon among the Mexicans themselves for their own uplift. I am getting tired of sentencing Mexicans to jail and to the pen by scores. I want to help them. Would you come and give some of these views of sacred art and happy, temperate Mexican home-life to a crowd of Mexicans in my court-room if I could get them together?" We gladly consented. Invitations in Spanish were sent out to all the Mexican colonies round about. A tremendous crowd of Mexicans of all classes jammed the court-room; even the judge himself had to stand. They packed the aisles and the crowd reached outside the doors. After the lecture and when the last footfall had died away, the bailiff observed: "Say, Judge, I saw something tonight I have never seen before: hundreds of Mexicans going away from a public gathering without one of them lighting a cigarette. I guess those tobacco views hit the mark."

In the afternoon, in company with the judge, we had visited the many sick Mexicans in the near-by hospital and the soul-sick in the jail. One of them was a one-armed, quiet youth, who later did a marvelous drawing, by minute pen points in ink, of the judge who had taken this interest in his people. This young man was called to our attention by the discovery of a drawing of the

Savior's face on a board in his cell. We wrote to him and sent him a copy of the Bible. His letter of acknowledgment, written from the penitentiary, runs as follows:

Such stimulating words and their influence are very strengthening. There are times when my thoughts seem to wander in lanes that are dark and dangerous to my welfare, except through the exercise of the will and determination which I am gradually acquiring through the reading of His Book and power of prayer. You cannot possibly realize, I think, what an influence for happiness and good there is for one who will try to find help within the pages of His written words. . . . I shall persistently strive in the searching for the light from the truth and pray that I may be used for the good of my countrymen, with His help. I remain, with thanks and prayer.

This story is not yet finished. While writing these pages, there appeared in a secular daily the following heading on the front page:

DRAWS SAVIOR'S FACE IN CELL. IS FREED.

Two judges make affidavit that the drawing left in the cell led to the reformation of four other Mexicans.

The kind judge wrote us, "Our friend . . . is on the way to your Plaza Community Center to see you." The end is not yet! We are only beginning to look for talents that lie dormant in lives darkened and enslaved by sin and ignorance!

It is becoming increasingly true in the great cities that the Mexican immigrants, as they them-

selves say, are not wanted in any place that is respectable—hotels, coaches, or even pool halls. There is no place for them except low "Spanish hotels" and the worst saloons. What is their social opportunity now when the saloons are closed? Their cheerless hovels are usually a far cry from the quiet comfort enjoyed by the average American in his evening hours at home.

Why the Mexican Quits His Job

The universal complaint against the Mexican is the difficulty of holding him to his job. For some reason he frequently appears singularly indifferent to permanent employment. There is a reason for everything, and a cure. Conduct flows from ideas. The Mexican has not grasped any idea of the meaning and the *value of time*. Again, it must be remembered that he is, as a race, arising like a drowsy giant lifting himself out of the mire. His peon existence has its very lax industrial and social standards. It is like Grandmother's recipe for doughnuts: "Put in some flour, some milk, and some sugar, salt," etc. The masses of Latin America have been accustomed to put into life *some* time, *some* thought, *some* sense of responsibility, all according to their taste and free desire. They have had no needs but for today and no clock but the sun. Mexicans more often come too early than too late to their work. Shrewd, impatient Saxon bosses pay no attention if they are early,

but cannot forgive them if they are late. The Mexican finds it hard to hold a job which involves the elements of punctuality and steady employment—especially when it requires his presence early Monday morning after "pay-day." He will hunt another job rather than receive a reprimand or a punishment. He prefers to starve rather than let his Castilian pride suffer. This is now changing most remarkably as the United States has gone dry.

Lessons that Must Be Learned

In order to blend into American life, the Mexican must learn the following lessons:

1. *The value of cooperation and the sacredness of contract.* He must learn these lessons both for his personal profit and for the industrial betterment of his race, whose welfare is to his own advantage. The Spanish word "*socio,*" which is the root of "social," means "partner." "Social service" literally says "partner service" to the Mexican mind. It expresses just what he needs to learn—social partnership, confidence, and a spirit of give and take.

2. *Loyalty to the Government.* The War has taught all Latin America the high principles of the United States. The Mexican must learn that in the States he is an American whether a citizen of the United States or not.

3. *Submission when in the wrong.* He must

learn to apologize rather than leave his job. Americans have been reputed to be hard taskmasters—gruff, abrupt, and unreasonable. The Mexican is coming to see that frank, fair conduct on his part transforms this taskmaster into a delightful friend, who expects him to be prompt, orderly, and a hearty sharer in the enterprise.

4. *The value of "getting past the dead points."* He must cultivate a sense of responsibility and dependableness, even though unpleasant incidents arise, and a continuity of purpose which will be stronger than race sensitiveness.

5. *The cultivation of high ideals and incentives in life.* Chief of these is a happy home, and living on property that belongs to him and is beautified by him.

6. *A wiser recourse to law.* He must learn when suffering injustice how to obtain the benefits of the law. He is beginning to see that pettifogging lawyers are simply vampires. He is beginning to seek out trustworthy and experienced Mexicans, or responsible American friends, to help adjust his legal difficulties. Our pastors spend a considerable proportion of their time visiting and helping those who are in court, jail, or hospital.

A drunken section boss came to the section on a Sunday afternoon, and finding one Mexican asleep, kicked him. Through natural pride, the Mexican remonstrated, but the drunken boss struck him down and then had him sent to the

county jail for assault and battery, where he remained two weeks *without trial!* The intervention of the Mexican pastor speedily resulted in his release.

7. *The meaning of real business responsibility.* Mexicans as a rule shy from either entering into or negotiating business contracts. They are good pay. Most of the bad Mexican accounts complained of by houses of business really arise from lax business methods. Mexicans are sometimes slow to pay, but in following up the account, if consideration is paid to their own way of thinking and doing, the Mexicans are anxious to pay, so as to be well thought of. Pages might be quoted of hearty testimonies to the fidelity of Mexicans in ultimately paying accounts despaired of and almost forgotten. They will usually bring the money due, though it cost in travel an amount almost equal to the consideration itself.

8. *The wisdom of learning English.* Steiner says, "Blood is thicker than water, but language is thicker than blood."

Business Catastrophies

Running into debt is one form of borrowing. Peonage and pawn-shops are not dissimilar in the character of their transactions or in their effects. This explains incidents like the following. A contract for wood-cutting is taken by an enterprising and leading Mexican in the colony. He forms his

crew; he is sure of his pay; he runs accounts at the stores and buys horses and wagons, all well within the amount of the contract. Later a wagon breaks down and then a horse dies. Sickness compels unexpected expenditures. Some of the crew have to run accounts. Before the wood is hauled, the creditors compare notes and secure a lien on the piles of eucalyptus cord-wood. The discharged and helpless Mexican contractor, rather than face a situation horrible to his pride as a leader in the community, flees and, possibly, gets drunk, adding still more to his shame. Later he repents and returns, asks forgiveness and begins to pay his accounts. But no more Mexican contracts for his creditors or for the men of his crew! This is why the latter usually prefer to work under contracts with people of other races; their own contracts end in *molestia* (bother) and loss.

Americans and Mexicans

In a Christmas offering for the Mexicans, we received the following note: "My contribution to the Mexicans at this Christmas time is the suggestion that we ship them all across the Border where they belong, and build a wall so high that they can never get back, and send Doctor —— down to be their general. They are crowding out the white man." That there are a great many things wrong with this doubtless sincere sugges-

tion, is evident. First, the Mexicans are also *white* people. Second, if anybody is to be pushed back, who should it be? They were here first! Then, although the suggestion reflects an attitude that is altogether too common, it is not the solution.

In spite of difficulties, however, we are making progress in our attempt to understand the Mexicans. The difficulty of the task must not discourage us. During the War an English officer starting on a perilous charge upon a redoubt was told, "That cannot be taken." He replied: "Yes, it can. I have the orders here in my pocket." So is it in making our approach to these myriads of Mexicans and other Latin Americans who are standing ready for Christian America to Christianize and help them. Providence has given us the orders; it will be done. Mexican colonies from one coast to the other will soon experience the friendly interest of awakened Americans who recognize their clear duty.

God is notably leading in these labors. In the year 1920 a company of some forty Mexican editors and publicists visited the entire United States, and enjoyed, among other things, an extended conference with President Wilson. They left, saying, "The relations between the United States and Mexico can never be the same again after this intimate approach and better understanding of our good neighbors to the North." The missionaries and church press of both na-

tions are spreading facts of better understanding, thereby developing friendship. The War drew us nearer together. Even the unfortunate "punitive expedition" did serve to lead us to a better understanding of "what Mexico and the United States are up against" in the Border problem.

Large delegations of members of Chambers of Commerce and Trade Associations are going in formal fashion to Mexico City and are bringing back a new conception of the Mexican people. This is awakening new interest in the Mexicans employed above the Border.

Perhaps no influence is more significant than that of the numbers of Latin Americans now attending colleges of the United States. These charming, versatile, talented young men and women are showing Americans a new side to the Mexican question. They are attending conventions, social occasions, and are taking part in college and community work along with other students, native and foreign. Many of these Latin students are working their way through college. Of course, they are studying in a language foreign to them, with methods of study still more foreign to their habits of thought, but they are returning to their countrymen with a better understanding of America.

The whole problem is a matter of social and interracial atmosphere. Bishop McConnell at the Panama Congress of Missions illustrated the situation by telling how this country was once deni-

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONVENTION FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

A movement that can draw together Mexican young people from a number of different denominations for an annual convention must have an inherent vitality that is hopeful for the church life of today. The Sunday-school and Young People's Convention shown above assembled at Gardena, California, June 10, 1924.

A GRADUATING CLASS IN A GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL

Boarding schools conducted by Protestant agencies for Mexican girls in the United States differ considerably, but most of them, in addition to the usual studies, give special attention to domestic science and household arts. Some provide a regular normal training, and others, technical and secretarial training for [illegible]

zened by monsters, vast and awful. The Great Father might have exterminated them by creating a race of giants with enormous weapons and thus have killed off the mammoths and dinosaurs. But the Almighty did not do it that way. He simply changed the climate and they all died. When the fraternal, social, and Christian climate along the Border, and where these races meet us within our borders, has been tempered with kindly sympathy and earnest endeavor, the evils which are now of major proportions will disappear altogether.

> These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
> Go crushing blossoms without end.
> These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
> Among the heart-strings of a friend.
>
> *The Fool's Prayer*

IV

EDUCATION

> Ignorance and evil, even in full flight, deal terribly back-handed strokes at their pursuers.
>
> CHARLES KINGSLEY

THREE Mexican boys were seen sitting on the doorstep of the ruins of the adobe headquarters building of General Frémont, on the Plaza at Los Angeles. One boy had an old magazine and was reading aloud; the other two were looking at the pictures and eagerly listening—one little torch held aloft for light. This scene, which incidentally deeply touched and won a friend to the educational need of Mexico, is being enacted over and over among Mexican youth.

Problems for Public Schools

The problem which the large influx of Mexicans into the United States has raised for the public schools in our four border states is a very complex one. The Mexican immigrant brings his family with him to this country, and thousands of boys and girls of school age, who have never been in school a day in their lives and who do not understand the English language, have been crowded into our border communities. In 1915 a school superintendent in one of these large border towns said: "Of those entering the first grade in

school, ninety-two per cent are unable to understand one word of English, much less to speak it. Those of you who have three or four such children in your classes can have no idea of what it means to have the numbers reversed and to have three or four English-speaking children among a class of non-English-speaking ones." In all border communities, however, the percentage is, of course, not so high.

In some respects it is an advantage to the Mexican child when there are many of his kind in the school. It tends to make him feel at home and to keep him from getting discouraged, for among the tragedies in the lives of Mexican boys and girls in the United States is that of dropping out of school at an early age. There are many reasons for this tendency. The poverty in the home which makes it important for the children to begin to earn money is one factor. Then, too, there is often a lack of home cooperation; many parents do not appreciate the advantages of an education and particularly of a training which goes beyond the mere rudiments of reading and writing. On the other hand, there are many Mexican parents who will sacrifice their own comfort and welfare to buy text-books for their children and to give them an opportunity to go on with their school work. Perhaps there is no more serious obstacle, however, to the continuance of the school work than embarrassment on the part of the Mexican pupil himself and prejudice on the part of the

American pupil in the same school. In some places this is much worse than in others, but the problem is serious enough to cause us genuine concern.

Of course, there are many Americans who think that it is not worth while to attempt to educate Mexicans, and there are altogether too many Mexicans who are inclined to agree with them or who will accept their judgment without vocal protest. There are also some snap judgments as to Mexican ignorance and illiteracy. The kindest perhaps is this: "They are just like our pioneer grandparents; they simply have not had schools. They need teachers, books, clubs, and debating societies as we used to have in the little country school." Others blame Mexican ignorance upon Mexican indolence. That is, however, hardly a fair judgment.

The fact is that the Mexican comes to the United States from a country where most of the people are still illiterate and where popular education has been only gradually gaining ground. Introduced into Mexico by Porfirio Diaz, public education was extended far enough by him to dethrone him. The new government now in control in Mexico is pledged to a far greater extension of public education than Mexico has ever before known. We on this side of the Border are really working at the same task as is President Calles and his assistants in Mexico. We are having here

the opportunity to help train native leaders and reformers who will lead the Mexicans out into a great future. President Madero, the leader of the 1911 revolution, said: "My people are a great and noble people; all they need is *ilustracion* (enlightenment). It will be my supreme effort to give this to them." The Madero family, educated in the best colleges of America, appreciated education. Madero himself was wealthy as well as cultured, but he left his comfortable life for the rough life of the bivouac and the fate of a martyr in order that his people might be enlightened.

Our Mexican immigrants who have had any training have come from an educational system which has been difficult, impracticable, exclusive, and uninviting. Even if schools had been open to all the masses, the Mexican peons and many of the middle-class group would not have availed themselves of the opportunity for higher education. Mexican education has not been made attractive to the masses. Yet when given a chance in our schools, or in any schools with modern, inviting methods, the Mexicans are eager pupils. Teachers in the public schools frequently comment upon the eagerness and precocity of Mexican children. They say that their bright minds, when awakened by a sympathetic attitude on the part of teachers, are a delight to real educators.

The illiterate Mexican in the United States is

continually handicapped in the struggle for existence by his ignorance. A young Mexican in the Los Angeles post-office, wishing to send eighty dollars to his poor mother in Mexico, asked an American standing near by to make out the money order for him, since he could neither read nor write. The money never arrived. Investigation showed that the friendly-looking American had made the order out to himself. Naturally when this fact became widely known, it did not tend to develop confidence on the part of Mexicans in the character of the United States and her people.

Segregation

One by-product of the influx of Mexicans into our schools has been a tendency toward segregation of Mexican pupils. Some insist that segregation is better for the Mexican children themselves, and that it is the easiest way to avoid race bitterness. Others believe in segregation because the Mexican children may bring dirt, disease, and vermin into the schools and for this reason they should not be permitted to mingle with other children. All these matters raise very delicate problems. At present the tide seems to be turning towards a policy of segregation for pupils up to a certain age who do not speak English. As soon as they have learned to speak English and are qualified therefor, they are permitted to enter the regular schools. So long as segrega-

tion is a matter of condition, rather than of race, there is probably little peril in it.

The opportunity offered to the teachers in the public schools who are assigned to Mexican pupils is very great. Many of these teachers are devoted to their work and are enthusiastic in their praises of the Mexican pupils in their charge.

The Problem of Transiency

The seasonable character of much of the work done by Mexicans indirectly creates an educational problem. As the workers themselves are of necessity migratory in their habits, the children are not long enough in any one place to establish a residence and to make satisfactory connection with the public schools. The state of California has recognized that fact and has taken some steps toward providing educational opportunities for these migrating families.

Truancy and deception about age are common. The vicious circle, which is started by taking promising students out of school at a time when they ought to go on with their school work, leads ultimately to the breaking down of ideals, health, hope, and of the new homes which are formed. Ignorance, poverty, and disease are the causes of this difficulty. It is a matter of fact that there are very few Mexican students in our high schools, and almost none in the universities and colleges of the United States, who have come from our poorer

Mexican immigrants to this country. Most of the young people of this class who ought to have gone on to college went out to work instead. If later they discover their need of education there are few public or state institutions to which they can turn. There are several Indian schools into which some Mexicans have found their way, but for the most part the opportunities offered by public institutions to these handicapped young people are conspicuous by their absence.

In New Mexico

The educational problems among our Spanish-speaking peoples are not, however, limited to those which have to do with our newly-arrived Mexicans. The educational situation among our native-born, Spanish-speaking Americans in New Mexico has long been distressing. When the region now known as New Mexico became a part of the United States, there were no public schools in the territory, and only a few persons were attending schools of any sort; nor did matters improve with any great rapidity when this territory was acquired by the United States. The federal government tried in a feeble way to promote education, and, in fact, the territorial legislature of New Mexico passed a bill at its 1855-56 session establishing a common school system to be supported by public taxation. There was a provision, however, that the measure be submitted to

the people for vote and when so submitted it was defeated by a vote of 5,016 to 37. When Dr. Thomas Harwood arrived in New Mexico in 1870, he declared that not a schoolhouse could be found anywhere.

Since the establishment of the public school system in New Mexico in 1891, education has moved more rapidly, but it has had many impediments. The fact that the language of the country was predominantly Spanish made it difficult to secure public school teachers who had anything approaching an adequate command of the English language. Even when the teachers knew English, the situation of the pupil was not an easy one. In their homes, boys and girls learned to speak the Spanish language. They came to a poorly-equipped, poorly-taught school where some English was used but where the teacher, in order to be understood by the pupils, must, during most of the school hours, speak Spanish. As soon as school was dismissed, Spanish was, of course, the language used both on the playground and at home. The result was that many boys and girls educated in the public schools grew up with no real knowledge of the English language. Gradually these conditions have been changing, but even today in many communities Spanish is the only current language. The present state law provides that books used and instruction given in the public schools in New Mexico shall be in the English language, but that Spanish may be used

to explain the meaning of English words to Spanish-speaking pupils who do not understand our language.

Possibly we do not need to go into further detail in regard to the need for education among Mexican and Spanish-speaking youth in our Southwest to suggest why the Church at an early stage in its work became concerned with the matter of education, and why throughout the years it has expended considerable sums of money upon the maintenance of so-called "mission schools" in our four border states.

Protestant Mission Schools

From the very beginning of Protestant mission work in the Southwest the need for educational work under the direction of the Church was clearly recognized. As early as 1865 Miss Melinda Rankin, a worker under the Baptist Board, organized a school for Mexicans at Brownsville, Texas, and two years later another school in Monterrey, Mexico. From that time on the educational work has grown steadily. The women's boards of missions have been particularly active in school work. The general home mission boards of the various denominations have also appropriated money for the educational work, and have organized numerous schools throughout the four border states. At present, missionary agencies are conducting approximately forty mission

schools in these states with a total enrolment of nearly four thousand pupils and a teaching staff of approximately two hundred. More than a million dollars is invested in school property and an annual expenditure of about two hundred thousand dollars is involved in the upkeep of these institutions. The foregoing figures do not include several hundred Mexican pupils who are enrolled in English or other special educational classes in connection with local churches, Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. organizations, and similar agencies.

The mission schools fall into two general groups—the day school and the boarding school. The plaza day schools have attained their highest development in New Mexico, where for many years (until 1891) no public school system existed. Within a few decades a public school system has been developed in New Mexico, however, and it has been the general policy of mission boards at work in New Mexico to discontinue the mission day schools as rapidly as the public schools in the various communities become able to care for the educational needs of the boys and girls. Acting on this policy, a number of schools have already been discontinued, and others will ultimately be closed. The closing of the plaza mission day schools does not mean the discontinuance of missionary work in the communities involved, but rather an increased emphasis upon the social and distinctly religious activities of the mission. It is a welcome relief when the mission boards are

freed from the responsibility of carrying on day school education, so that their attention may be turned to other matters. It must be recognized, however, that although the providing of day school education has been a genuine tax upon missionary funds, the schools themselves have furnished the very finest opportunity for inculcating Christian ideas and ideals in the hearts and lives of the boys and girls growing up in New Mexico. What better opportunity could any mission board desire than to have a group of from thirty to sixty pupils under the daily influence of a consecrated Christian teacher with high ideals? It should be remembered also that these teachers have, for the most part, remained in their respective communities throughout the entire year, and that they have carried on Sunday-school work and maintained religious services throughout the year. They have also given much time to visitation in the homes.

Not all of the day schools have, however, been limited to New Mexico. In some of the border towns large day schools have recently grown up. These are attended by Mexican boys and girls who live in Mexico but who come across the boundary each school day to attend a school conducted under missionary auspices. This type of day school, just as in the case of the plaza day schools in New Mexico, furnishes a unique opportunity for influencing in a very vital way the life of the Mexicans of the future.

The Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., the Congregational Church, and the United Brethren have been most active in the conduct of the plaza day schools in New Mexico; while the Southern Baptist Convention, the Presbyterian Church in the U. S., and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, have been chiefly responsible for the day schools conducted in border towns.

While the day schools have played an important part in the task and are continuing to do so at present, it is in the boarding schools that the churches are making perhaps the largest contribution to Mexican youth in the United States. In these schools, of which there are nearly twenty, thousands of Mexican young people are not only receiving regular educational training under missionary auspices, but they are continually under the direct influence of consecrated Christian workers, who by their lives and by their words are steadily interpreting Christianity to their pupils. From these schools have gone some of the finest Mexican leaders whom the church has yet produced. A bright and successful Spanish-speaking American, who is now an influential and very successful state attorney general, got his start as a poor country boy in one of these schools. He later attended a public high school, and in a great Christian university finished his course with honors and won a gold medal in forensic oratory. He then went on to the study of law at Harvard, and

received his diploma, *cum laude*. After spending several years in Y.M.C.A. work in Mexico City, his health failed, and he was compelled to return to the United States. His wife is the daughter of an American pastor, and they maintain an ideal Christian home for their growing daughter. Illustrations might be multiplied of cultured pastors and other professional and pioneer men who have received their start in these mission schools, but this one is sufficient to answer the question, "Can it be done?" with the statement, "It has been done." There is no question but that the difference between such leaders and the multitudes of other Mexican and Spanish-American boys lies chiefly in the impressions which they receive at an early age in a Protestant mission school, the results of modern, thought-provoking education and the Christian character which is developed at the same time. This man sometimes says that the curse of his people is that so many of them are named "Moreno," so that everyone thinks one Moreno is just like another, and that there is no hope for any of them.

Sometimes a tragedy is enacted when vacation time comes, and the pupils from the boarding schools must return to their home influences or go out to work in the camps, where they must fight during the vacation season to maintain the ideals which have been implanted during the school year. Most of these pupils stand firm, morally, although they often return to the schools with cheeks thin

from improper diet or some other marks of the vacation upon their habits of living. Usually they are extremely eager to get back to the schools.

The worker among the Mexicans quickly recognizes the need for the training of these racial leaders, if the work of Christianizing them is to move forward. They must be helped to help themselves. They must be made conscious that they are delivering their own people. It was Moses who led the children of Israel out of bondage, and it was Booker T. Washington who led the Negroes out into a larger life. Possibly the forms of religious and community life worked out by racial leaders are better adapted to their own races than any which might be devised for them by an outsider. These trained racial leaders of indiscourageable convictions must, for the most part, be developed in special Christian schools and colleges.

Often their awakening comes by simple and surprising means. One Mexican, now a preacher, was converted by reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin. Pilgrim's Progress,* translated into Spanish, is also doing great things for the Kingdom among Spanish-speaking folk. Good books are the "silent messengers" which mean even more to Latin Americans than to us. An education is the key that opens the door to such books.

We do not need to call the roll of all the schools conducted by missionary agencies along the Border, but Christians of all denominations might

well take time to get acquainted with such outstanding institutions as the Lydia Patterson Institute, and the Effie Eddington School, both at El Paso, Texas, the Methodist Mexican Institute at San Antonio, Texas, and Holding Institute at Laredo, Texas, conducted by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; the Rio Grande Institute at Albuquerque, New Mexico, conducted by the Congregational churches; the Allison-James School, at Santa Fé, New Mexico, the Menaul School at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and the Forsythe School at Los Angeles, California, conducted by the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.; the Harwood Girls' School and the Harwood Boys' School at Albuquerque, New Mexico, the Mary J. Platt School at Tucson, Arizona, the Frances M. De Pauw Industrial School, Los Angeles, California, and the Spanish American Institute, Gardena, California, conducted by the Methodist Episcopal Church. The influence of these schools, and others, can hardly be overestimated. They are playing a most important part in the molding of the Mexican life in the United States, and they are worthy of most generous support. Not only are the schools crowded, but each year they are forced to turn away literally hundreds of boys and girls who are seeking admission to them. Some of these pupils come even from Mexico, from homes of high government officials. A Cuban millionaire wrote recently asking admission for his son into one of these border mission schools.

SOME PRACTICAL ASPECTS OF MISSION SCHOOL WORK

The training at mission schools is not altogether confined to books. Many a boy acquires, by the time of his graduation, sufficient skill in some one trade to command a job and earn a livelihood.

LEADERS IN TRAINING

The future of the work among Mexicans in the United States depends upon the leaders whom we can train. The young men pictured above with their teachers are studying at San Antonio, Texas, for the Christian ministry.

Tuition is charged where parents are able to pay for the schooling of the children, but some of the schools are fairly generous in providing scholarships to pupils who are not able to pay their own way. Into these schools come boys and girls, who, because of age or lack of a knowledge of the English language, feel out of place in the public school and, in fact, cannot make a place for themselves there. These same young people after some years of training in the mission schools go out into the business and social life of their respective communities, not only with high ideals of personal conduct, but with a training which makes them valuable helpers in the local churches which are ministering to their people. These schools are proving to the satisfaction of the most slow of heart that something worth while can be done with Mexican youth.

Up to the present time few of these boarding schools have been co-educational in character. Holding Institute situated at Laredo, Texas, and the Rio Grande Institute at Albuquerque, New Mexico, are notable exceptions. Fortunately, however, some of the schools for boys alone and the schools exclusively for girls are located so close to each other that social relationships can be established, and some of the definitely religious activities are carried on together. This is as it should be in that it provides a very greatly needed opportunity for the making of wholesome acquaintanceships.

A number of the schools maintain industrial departments so that printers and skilled workers in other crafts, including dressmaking, millinery, stenography, and the like, are produced. In these institutions Mexican young people learn to organize themselves for Christian service, and the Christian Endeavor societies and Epworth League groups existing in the schools play an important part in the life and training of these Mexican youths. A Christian Endeavor member at a young people's convention said: "The Young People's Society is a great college. It awakens talents and develops them; creates a taste for books, good associations, wholesome habits of mind, and unselfish service to the world." Through these schools Mexican youths are brought from almost abject illiteracy and from ideas of the world which are cramped and untrue out into the brighter and truer world of the normal American youth. Then, too, they acquire facility in the use of two languages at least, and the schools are looked upon as sources of supply for bilingual teachers, clerks, attorneys, and Christian workers. The supply is never equal to the demand.

However, the chief characteristics of graduates of these schools, which make them indispensable in public life and business, are their American ideals, their wholesome enthusiasm, and a pleasant spirit of service which they have developed during their course. These students are being

taught that they belong to God, and that their strength and ability belongs to Him and should be used in service for the world. Stewardship and life service follow normally in the lives of many of these ambitious Latin American youth, and they are receiving a training which many other American youths might desire and profitably be afforded.

In all these schools there is definite, daily education in religion. The pupils learn for the first time the meaning of the Protestant Reformation, and they receive courses in the history, content, and teachings of the Bible. They are also trained to develop religious themes, and they learn many things about the lives of church and missionary heroes. Instruction in the matter of the Christian life, of prayer, of God's goodness, and the meaning of salvation is given.

The eagerness of these young people for new ideas which come to them is sometimes pathetic. When they come to the schools they hardly know the meaning of prayer, but it is not long before they have learned not only to pray but even to lead their own religious meetings. They memorize masterpieces of speech by American heroes, —Lincoln being the favorite,—poems, hymns, and the great passages of Christian literature (in both languages), the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and choice portions of Scripture. It is wonderful to hear the prompt

and glad response with verses from the Bible when opportunity is given in chapel.

Rev. Jay S. Stowell, who visited all these institutions, was delighted with the work that is being done, but suggests more careful selection of potential candidates for Christian leadership, a still more carefully worked out religious training curriculum to carry all boarding pupils to the twelfth grade and to give more definite and extensive training in racial leadership, such as, teaching in Sunday schools and organizing classes, schools, and missions; some knowledge of child psychology and practise in story-telling, speaking, and actual community work, making the locality of the school an observation ground if not a laboratory. He also suggests the need of coordinating all mission school work into a unified system.

The principal of Lasell Seminary, a great school in the East, was approached for funds to build a dormitory for a Spanish American mission school. Before the committee had said ten sentences he exclaimed: "Do not go any further. I can see that thing. I will give you $1,000." He gave more! When asked to state his reasons as an educator for so prompt a response, he wrote:

WHY I SUBSCRIBED

I believe in training youth. We are what we are by training. In youth one accepts training easily. So I liked the idea of a school.

Boys and girls like to see things grow. They enjoy doing

things with their own hands. They do best what they enjoy. So I liked the idea of an Industrial School.

Why should I send more money to the non-Christians abroad than to the non-Christians who are my neighbors?

Why may I not have the privilege of helping the faithful men and women who are helping to build up my own country?

Cut out the Mexicans and you cut out a large factor in our industries. Educate them and you add a sound and useful aid to our country's development, especially here in the Southwest.

Money in schools goes further than money in prisons for the idle and vicious—usually vicious because idle, and idle because untrained.

So I was glad to have a chance to help build the Spanish American Institute where it was most needed. Besides, we want trained boys for our trained girls.

C. C. Bragdon, D.D.

Normal and Advanced Training

The importance of normal training in connection with these schools for Spanish-speaking youth, particularly in the girls' boarding schools, is not likely to be overestimated. Some progress has already been made in this field and a limited provision for using graduates from the schools as teachers of Mexican children in the lower grades has been made, but there is still need for the extension of normal training and the opportunity for practise teaching. A thoroughgoing normal course in a Christian boarding school makes it possible for the school automatically to extend its influence very widely. The teachers thus trained

go out as genuine missionaries without tax upon missionary funds. The need for such teachers in New Mexico and in the other border states where large numbers of Mexican children are found in the public schools is greater than the supply. The meeting of this need is a real opportunity for the missionary boarding school.

None of the boarding schools for Mexican youth in the United States offer college training. The culmination of the training for native leaders comes when these young men and women come out from the boarding schools to enter the regular colleges and theological seminaries in departments and courses adapted to their previous training and life requirements. These Latin American departments in colleges are at present in a hopeful pioneer stage. We may expect important results from them. Mexican youths are particularly eager to acquire an education which will give them familiarity with correct usage of both the English and the Spanish languages. The importance of thorough training in the Spanish language and literature is clear; only through it can the pupils command the respect and the position of leadership which should be theirs among their own people.

The need for trained leadership among the Mexicans, especially for trained gospel workers, is felt by all denominations now at work. Various attempts have been and are being made to meet this need, and to train pastors and preach-

ers. The Northern Baptists have a seminary of good grade at Los Angeles, with eighteen Mexican young men preparing themselves for the Christian ministry. The Methodist Episcopal Plaza Center Christian Training School in Los Angeles has twelve student pastors enrolled. There are also as many in the Wesleyan Institute of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at San Antonio. Some of them have already proved the effectiveness of the training received by giving splendid proofs of the increased efficiency in the conduct of all church work. Other denominations are attempting to meet a similar need.

The School and the Community

The relation of the mission school to the community in which it is located is of importance both to the pupils themselves and to the community. The best results are secured when this relationship is a vital and mutually helpful one. The community itself plays an important part in introducing the students to some of the finer things in our life. The churches in these school communities have unusual opportunity to make a large contribution to the life of these young people. Unfortunately, not all such churches have recognized either their opportunity or their obligation in this particular. In other cases, however, the relationship has been a most delightful and helpful one. The communities furnish an op-

portunity for many of the students to earn money to pay their way through school, and where there are Mexican colonies, either in the community or close at hand, a most important field of training in missionary service is provided.

A number of the boarding schools have organized "gospel teams" with great effectiveness. The members of these teams go out to Mexican colonies, hold religious services, and in the spirit of Jesus Christ interpret his way of life to their own people. Fortunately, most communities in which Mexican mission schools are located soon become ardent enthusiasts for the school and active cooperators in its work. The attractive students and their amazing progress draws out unbounded praise, and volunteer workers are often enlisted to aid in the recreational and religious programs for the students. A community pride in the school enterprise is thus developed. Where schools are located in the vicinity of colleges or universities, still further opportunities are offered. An address by an eloquent, trained Christian Mexican may be a revolutionary event in the life of a growing youth. When the schools are located in educational centers, such opportunities are therefore greatly multiplied.

Adult Education

For the education of adult Mexicans in the United States no adequate and well-organized

program of training corresponding to the "Moonlight Schools" in the southern mountains has, as yet, been worked out. However, through the local churches and Christian associations a large number of classes for Mexican men and women have been organized. Some of these classes are conducted for the purpose of teaching the English language, citizenship, and similar subjects. Mothers are trained in the care of children and in various branches of home-making. Thousands of Mexicans are being reached by this informal educational work through churches and community agencies.

Despite all this, there is still too much indifference on the part of American communities toward the need for education among these adult Mexicans. In some cases it is to be feared that there is a genuine prejudice against such education, the feeling being that these Mexican immigrants will be more useful as laborers when left in contented ignorance. Such an attitude is to be deprecated by all benevolently-minded Christians.

Roman Catholic Schools

Although the Roman Catholic Church was very slow to recognize the importance of education for Mexicans, yet much good work is now being done by devoted teachers in Roman Catholic schools. The sisters in these schools are often greatly beloved. It is, however, much to be regretted that

bigotry and lax moral and educational standards have tended to mar what otherwise might have been a very great force in the improvement of the conditions of Mexicans in the United States. When the mother of a Catholic family dies, the father naturally turns to the church schools to care for his half-orphans, but many Mexicans who have placed their children in these Catholic schools are very emphatic in saying that they do not like them. "They just learn *'misas y un catecismo'* (masses and catechism). We want them to learn *'cosas practicas y un oficio'* (practical things and a trade)."

An Opportunity and a Responsibility

Just as millions of acres of the great American desert have been transformed into a paradise by water, cultivation, and patience, so can these potentially brilliant, passionate Mexican young people be transformed into the flower of human culture. Thus he who says, "It cannot be done," is already being interrupted by people saying, "It is being done." Some day it will be said of the products of our mission schools for Mexicans, "Ye are God's tilled land." Sympathetic trained American teachers in these schools are leaving the impress of their lives upon their plastic students by giving practical training amid surroundings where all possible racial and hereditary handicaps have been removed.

A Mexican pastor pleading for his people and picturing their needs for education, tells this story: "A king became desperate over the misery, crime, and wars of his people. His wise men were unable to advise him. At length he heard of a strange, practical sage and called him to the royal court. In reply to the king's request for advice, the sage replied, 'Grant me, O king, one year to make answer.'

"At the end of the year the king called a great gathering of his people to witness the wise man's reply. A dog and a rabbit were brought out. The rabbit was released first and he ran swiftly away. The dog was then set loose and soon overtook and killed the rabbit. Another rabbit and dog were brought in. When they were set free, they fondled each other and began playing together. The first pair was wild, but the second pair had been educated."

Don Antonio eloquently concludes his story by saying, "*Amigos* (friends), ignorance is the fountain of all the ills of our Mexican people."

This man himself is an illustration of what education can accomplish. He was once an actor. Ten years ago he and his family were destitute and suffering. They chose the path of God and of education, and they are now cultured and happy. Two of the children are among the brightest students and the best athletes in the high schools and universities of California. The father and son have just taken out naturalization papers, and

the father is freely giving his life in service to the people of his own race above the Border.

When Benjamin Franklin wished to sell his newly-discovered commercial fertilizer, he sprinkled the barren hillsides in such a way that when the crop came up the incredulous farmers could read in gigantic verdant letters these words: THIS HAS BEEN PLASTERED. Most of the best racial leaders among Mexicans in the United States have been "plastered" by the influence of Christian training. One can always recognize former students from any one of these Christian schools. Their children, their homes, their meals, and their personality all show the result of this Christian culture.

The Interchurch Survey declared that the weakest spot in Protestantism in America is the fact that two thirds of our children and youth never attend a religious school or receive religious training. These millions unreached by the church include an overwhelming proportion of our Mexican and Spanish-speaking American young people. In the World War no group appeared more pitiful than these thousands of young people. Many of these native sons were pathetically eager students of English, their very lives even depending upon their ability to understand orders. They thronged the Y.M.C.A. huts and meetings, and listened to the gospel songs on the phonograph—fertile soil for culture that has long remained fallow ground.

From ignorance and narrowness flow race hatred. Christian education can drive out prejudice and lead our Mexican youth into a finer, richer life. It has been said that fifty thousand teachers would be fifty thousand times better than fifty thousand American soldiers in Mexico, and what is true of the Mexican below the international line is equally true of the Mexican above the Border. In our work in Christian education we are putting into operation forces whose influence cannot be calculated.

One of our students, Ambrosio C. Gonzales, expected to become a bartender, but in a mission school he was converted and went out to become a Christian minister. He has recently laid down his life, but during his years of service he led hundreds of Mexicans into the Christian way of life and was the means of enlisting approximately fifty young people in definite Christian service. One of these is a young man who was formerly an officer under the bandit, Villa. Mrs. Gonzales is also a graduate of a mission school; she is a direct descendant of De la Vaca, one of the early explorers in New Mexico. She has reached thousands of her people through the power of her addresses and through poems which she has written. Who can calculate the influence of such people as these and the hundreds of others who have gone out to lives of service from the mission schools?

President Francisco Madero was one of the

thousands of Mexicans educated above the Border. He was a cultured Christian idealist. We may yet train other presidents and leaders in every walk of life for our sister republic, and we may do this within our own United States. Surely the racial leaders for the many Mexicans now within our borders must be educated here, and ours is the responsibility for providing the opportunity for their training.

Browning expresses what is happening above the Border through the magic of Christian education when he says in "Pippa Passes":

> Day: faster and more fast.
> O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
> Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud cup's brim
> Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
> For not a froth-flake touched the rim
> Of yonder gap in the solid gray
> Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
> But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
> Till, the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
> Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
> Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.
>
> *Pippa's song from the silk mills.*

V

WHAT MEXICANS BELIEVE

> The most potent habit in life is the every-day treatment of Jesus Christ.
>
> JAMES A. FRANCIS

"PANCHO" Villa while at his Canutillo Ranch once met a clean, winsome Protestant Mexican who caught the bandit chieftain's fancy. One day he said, "What is your religion, *amigo?*"

"*Evangélico,* General Villa," was the reply.

"How many of you *evangélicos* are there in Mexico?"

"About thirty thousand, señor."

"Thirty thousand of you! Why don't you do something?" The great chieftain had begun to believe.

"The Mexicans are a Roman Catholic people without a religion," said a Catholic priest who had just come from Mexico.

What lies back of such statements? And what is to be our religious contact with these Latin Americans with whom we must prepare to live on spiritual, social, and commercial planes of increasing intimacy? To sympathize with them and to help them effectively, we must know what our long misunderstood and neglected neighbors really do believe.

Religious Classes

There are five classes, religiously speaking, among the Mexicans: the Roman Catholics, the positivists or freethinkers, the evangelicals or Protestants, the modern fanatics, and the atheistic *socialistas*. There are many persons of clean, sincere, and earnest lives in all five. Each class with its beliefs, tinctures all the rest, one shading into the other. Experience would lead us to apportion the Latin Americans above the Border among these five religious classes approximately as follows, allowing for variations due to their locality, length of residence, and privileges in this country.

(1) Roman Catholics claim about sixty per cent, made up for the most part of the women, the aged, the ignorant peons, and the old patrician families who have thought they had much to gain in business and in social standing by at least nominal adherence to the old established church. The adherence is largely nominal, and the church attendance occasional. A very prominent Mexican official of thoughtful integrity said, "Those who are ignorant are superstitious and attend the Catholic Church. In the mountains where there are few or no schools perhaps most of the women and half the men at some time attend mass. But in the towns where there is education, half of the women and almost no men attend the Catholic Church."

(2) The positivists, or freethinkers, number about ten per cent, made up of the men who have read or listened to the ubiquitous French philosophy. Many of these have come to America with a shrug of the shoulders as their reaction to the appeal of this country of myriad faiths and sects. There are many thoughtful younger women who have studied in the schools who are practically positivists or agnostics. But women soon suffer too much and bear too great a load of moral responsibility for their families for them to accept generally and finally this cold, inert attitude of the soul toward life.

(3) The *Evangélicos,* or Protestants, make up some ten per cent. They are hand-picked, awakened people, most of them from the middle class and many of them young people. They form a gallant array of leaders who are products of missions and mission schools. Many of these have received the gospel in Mexico.

(4) Various fanatical, divisive sects number about ten per cent. These reflect the social bigotry of their Roman Catholic traditions and the various superficial religious philosophies of the day. They usually exceed the bounds of their respective sects in extravagances and bigotry. They include Pentecostal groups, New Thought followers, Mormons, Spiritualists, Russellites, Christian Scientists, Holy Rollers, some "Faith Missions" members, *Independientes,* and some extreme Protestant groups as difficult to

combat as to classify. They often unscrupulously honeycomb and disintegrate the evangelical groups temporarily. At times the Seventh Day Adventists and even some of the other evangelical groups yield to the temptation to assume this divisive, proselyting rôle. Whoever does so perpetrates a crime which results in the creation of the embittered, unfraternal adherents found everywhere above the Border.

(5) The socialists, atheists, and anarchists number about ten per cent. They are also hand-picked and leavened people who have no easier lot than the Protestants. They are almost exclusively adult men of the middle and lower class. This group has grown up as a logical result of the abuses of a state church, the neglect of evangelical Christian missions, the sufferings caused by the present industrial system, and the interpretation of these ills by active, enthusiastic agents of the doctrine of a Republic of the World.

Religious Life in the Home

It is quite impossible to picture fairly the religious aspects of a Mexican Catholic home without giving the wrong features of the picture. It is not so much the materials as materialism that stultifies souls. Saddest of all is the fact that when the material image disappears, the supposed reality goes with it. This is too often the concomitant of migration to our country. But in

some cases Rachel's images are brought with their baggage.

Let us visit one little house where these so-called "aids to devotion" form part of the furnishing of this refuge in a strange land. The walls have pictures of the newly-weds, the national heroes, and several original drawings by Manuel, the artist of the family. Here in the corner opposite the door into the "visitors' room" is a crucifix, supposedly of silver. It represents the Lord in agony upon the cross. Before it are two candles which are lighted on certain occasions. Back of the crucifix is a felt cloth upon which are some medals and ribbons, reminders of special feast days and dispensations. About the room hang framed chromos of Maria of the Sacred Heart, picturing the sweet-faced "Queen of Heaven," wearing on her bosom a red heart upon which is a flame of fire. It is to be noted that there is a great disparity between the repellent features of the agonized Savior and the attractive woman-deity, Mary, as objects of adoration and helps to God. About the room are images of favorite saints, selected by the experiences and occupations of the family.

The guardian angel of all these objects of worship is the dear old grandmother who never wears a hat anywhere but always dons her black *reboso* since it is not proper to wear a hat in church. One associates this dear little shawl-clad, thin-faced Mexican devotee with all the images and

shrines and, also, with the religious activities of the whole family. She is its spiritual monitor. Not one of the family would remove a single object of her veneration because they all love her too much to cause her pain. And nothing could cause her more pain than some neglect or indignity shown these treasures of her heart.

One interesting class of these material objects of worship is not apparent to the casual visitor: the *medallos* worn under the clothing on the breasts of the faithful and the superstitious. These little metal or felt tokens are supposed to protect the wearer. Since they cause no inconvenience from persecution by heretics and unbelievers, and since they cost little, and since there are many perils to Mexicans due to their occupations, it is easy to understand why the Catholic bookstores sell thousands of these "Christian charms." One young Mexican, so drunk that he could not get on a trolley car without help, said as he was being helped aboard, "You do not believe I should drink whiskey! Maria will keep me from *desgracia* (accident). See, here I wear under my shirt this 'Maria' and she will keep me safe. I think, Señor, that you do not believe in Maria?" He was an illiterate young track-man who confessed that he had drunk ten whiskeys since he left work that evening. It would require a good many "queens of heaven" to protect a wilful sinner like that in the traffic and temptations of a great city.

This sketch is a typical picture of what one finds in many Mexican homes. Bare, rude shacks are often the homes which have the largest number of these images. It is in such places that the greatest ignorance and superstition exists. The images of our Lord are usually, to us, of a very horrible sort—red paint on his wounds, pallor and terrible distress marking his features—all so unreal and harrowing. There are horrible, life-size images of Christ represented with the forehead slit and a thorn thrust thus under the flesh. Of course there is a locked collection box in front of such images, as is true of practically all these gruesome *Cristos*. This does not blend with the spirit of free, glad America. Here people cannot be frightened into duty and sacrifice—at least, not for long. The crass and spectacular do not form a wholesome basis for permanent devotion, or for real spiritual worship. The Latin Americans desire increasingly these blessings, as well as an escape from the morbid, costly, and burdensome worship of their past.

The Modern Inquisition

We soon see that the atmosphere of a Mexican colony is far different from that of even an average English-speaking Catholic community in America. Years of diligently-inculcated prejudice among them have done their work well. They have awakened a general fear and hatred of all non-Catho-

lics. They have produced a fanaticism which has very often proved fatal to the objects of Catholic prejudice. This persecution takes the form more commonly now of social persecution, with occasional acts of violence against preachers who are too frank and propagators of unwelcome revelations of the abuses of the church.

All of this tends, especially among the men and the student class, either towards open ridicule against all religion, or a truly typical Latin American indifference to the scandal and bother, expressed with a shrug of the shoulders. They have come almost *en masse* to regard religion as a foe to liberty and progress. This is illustrated by the waves of successful striving to secure religious liberty in all Latin American countries. Old Spain is practically the only bigoted, enslaved Roman Catholic country in the world today. A short time ago a Spanish American, a former officer in the American army in France, volunteered the following: "The trouble with Spain is too much religion. The priests are the most powerful persons in the country. They tell the king what to do and he does not dare do anything else. They even elect the government officers and the members of the *cortes*. When France drove out the Catholic Church, then the priests all went to Spain, the United States, and Latin America. Since then France, like Italy, has progressed, but Spain has been left behind."

Prejudice

"Esos Protestantes!" (Ah, those Protestants!) is the up-to-date form of the rack and screw. The Protestant mission halls are said to "smell of brimstone." In Mexico the people are taught to prefer a saloon to a gospel hall. Two Mexicans have frankly stated that their priests have told them to rent or sell their property for a saloon rather than for a Protestant mission. Of course, with education and wholesome contact with Protestant Americans these prejudices disappear.

The priests are commonly reported to be, with few exceptions, cold, grasping, exigent, and unreasonable, and often immoral. Any convert who has lived long amid the conditions of his *patria* will tell startling facts as to these and other points in comparison with which this chapter is mild indeed. We have seen the peons above the Border kneel before the priests and kiss their hands. And we note that the Latin American children either giggle at or stand in terror of the church and priests. One girl of good family seemed in great mental distress one Sunday. At length she was persuaded to tell what troubled her. A priest in town had declared a "mass for the dead" for all who attended the Protestant baptism of the children of a prominent family in the town. The same priest pronounced anathemas against the Bible, but this brought results contrary to his expectation. The young men or-

ganized a Bible club and the priest, a former schoolmate of some of them, to their infinite delight, had to change his tactics. He was soon competing with the leader of the Bible club in teaching from the formerly despised Book.

Thus, it is not surprising that there are frequent exhibitions of a disintegration in the faith which Latin Americans have for centuries subscribed to and subsidized, though with lessening loyalty. They mark with impatience the frequent efforts made to checkmate a new Protestant mission by building close to it a Catholic church in a community that has been neglected for half a century. These abortive competing missions usually do not last long. Their "Sunday schools" do not continue, and neither do their clubs. We welcome every effort on the part of the Roman Catholic Church which is for the good of the people, but, with the people, we wonder why they do not rather go to unoccupied points. Nothing could be a greater crown to our gospel efforts than to have our efforts work like a leaven toward the reformation of the abuses of the Roman Catholic Church itself. In the fine volume, *The Work of the Roman Catholic Church in the World,* published by the Roman Catholics, frequent references are made to the winning methods of Protestant denominations, commending such methods as the Laymen's Missionary Movement, the "every member canvass," etc. In the same volume we mark with pleasure the fact that neither is there

a spirit of bitterness nor are there acrimonious references to Protestant work.

What the Latin Americans Do not Believe

Fully seventy-five per cent of the Mexican men do not believe in anything. We recall that "in a Y.M.C.A. canvass in Buenos Aires only four out of five thousand students expressed any faith or belief in God whatsoever." That was in the most enlightened city in all Latin America, and among a class which is usually the most Christian—the student class. Latin Americans are beginning to consult their growing doubts and prejudices on religious subjects. These intellectual and spiritual warps are increasing with education and unfettered experience. There has grown up among the Mexicans a monotheistic faith called the Masonic Scottish Rite which permits naturalism and even pantheism but prohibits the confessional. It is a grave matter that these evolutions and these prejudices are developing, for the most part, outside and apart from direct Bible influence, save for those limited portions made available in the splendid Masonic ritual, and the limited operations of Protestant missions.

At the Panama Congress on Protestant missions in 1916, Honorable Sr. del Toro, a Catholic, said that his countrymen in Porto Rico were in consternation when the Americans came, lest their missions would destroy the Roman Catholic

faith. But, on the contrary, it is notable that the effect of the coming of the Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and others has caused a resurrection of Romanism and brought new life, morality, and efficiency to all the religious life.

(1) The fact of the matter is that the Latin Americans do not want any more religion which enslaves the mind and wrecks the social order. They believe in a religion which serves and helps them win in their personal and national struggles. They regard the old religion of their forefathers as an unnecessary and arbitrary burden. They are impatient with its round of fees, *fiestas,* and state taxation to support that which hinders their progress as a people and which serves to prolong the days of their ignorance and the consequent power of their social and political overlords. They rebel at the arrogance of the priests in their un-American methods of church administration.

(2) The Mexicans very decidedly do not believe in the celibacy of the priests. Moral conditions with them demand spiritual leaders who may be examples and sincere teachers of normal home life. Scandals, fancied and all too often real, destroy domestic felicity and confidence. This, with the confessional, has raised a hue and cry that will in the end bring about a reform in the Catholic Church.

(3) They do not believe in the protection of the priests and the glossing over of their immorality.

A tremendous battle has been waged over all Latin America against special exemptions and trials by ecclesiastical courts of sinning priests.

(4) They do not believe in a religion based on fear. They have had "wolf" cried to them so often in the threat of purgatory and excommunication that it has ceased to have much terror for them, but it is still a positive annoyance.

(5) They do not believe in a priestly interference in domestic and political matters which destroys fraternity and confidence in social relationships. They have never been trained in establishing relations of mutual trust in home, in business, and in matters of state. They fear to be frank even with best friends lest some secret proceeding be breathed out into the priest's ear to the too-confiding person's sorrow. This distrust honeycombs every relationship in the life of the Latin Americans.

(6) They do not believe in having even their religious life dominated by a foreign potentate in Rome. The present swing to nationalism increases this growing repugnance against a religion dominated by foreigners.

What we note in the foregoing should suggest that even to the Roman Catholic of Anglo-Saxon origin the religious attitudes of Latin America are startling; still more is it amazing to the average American Protestant. There is so little left of any sort of positive faith or religion. What is left is very meager and cold and unsatisfying.

Many a Mexican's negative creed would read very nearly as follows:

"I do not believe in the traditional God who is distant, partial, and cruel.

"I do not believe in the traditional Christ. If Jesus of Nazareth ever existed, He was too weak to command my worship, and too impractical to merit my respect.

"I do not know whether there is a Holy Spirit.

"I do not know whether the world came into existence by evolution or by chance.

"I do not know whether there is a future existence.

"I do not believe in eternal punishment."

One Mexican's Testimony

"Well, what you are saying is good. It is all true. But when you write about our people, do not say much about religion. We do not like to think about that subject." This was the comment of a cultured Mexican fellow traveler after reading several pages of this chapter, and then he offered to interview several Mexicans with whom we were traveling on the matter of religion. He returned, verifying the facts we have already stated. One illiterate Mexican said to him, "I used to go to church and also to believe in God because my father told me to. I rarely go to church now." It pretty well sums up "the law and the prophets" of Latin Americans to say that

they believe in service, with emphasis upon courtesy; in such truth as may be demonstrated by science or logic; and in brotherhood developed from the ideals of generosity and concord in family and community.

Words Lose Their Meaning

One real difficulty in dealing with the matter of religion with Mexicans is that the familiar words and phrases which are vehicles of thought for the most sacred and vital of subjects have been prostituted by the established church to cheap and misleading uses, until they have lost their thought-bearing value. "Spiritual" does not mean the mystic energy of the eternal world, but it means the *power of the Pope* and of the Roman Catholic Church. The term that most nearly expresses in Spanish our idea of spiritual is "moral." The parents of the children in our mission schools, noting with satisfaction the improvement in their conduct, came to us urging us to teach their children *mas moralidad* (more spirituality). The last adult we baptized was *Jesus Maria* Ochoa. There is a saint for each day in the year and a large number over.

Profanity is practised in a unique way among Mexicans. The women do most of the swearing in Spanish, the men, apparently avoiding even this appearance of being religious, exclaim only "Carramba!" which merely means "Pshaw!" The

men, however, all too commonly make up with English oaths used in Spanish conversation what they may lack in Spanish expletives. It seems that they remember these oaths better than anything else, due probably to the emphasis employed in their expression. The use of "Aye Dios!" and "Oh, Jesus!" especially by the women, does not really correspond to our idea of profanity. They are more or less innocent expressions of surprise, anxiety, or grief. They really savor of prayer, and yet are mere form rather than petition.

Participation in religious services in Mexico has consisted largely of soul agony and some form of works. Our vital experience of invisible, glad realities, looking toward victory rather than the anticipation of moral failure to be atoned for by penance at the next mass, is so utterly new and intangible and withal so joyful that it seems too good to be true! There is a helplessness of soul in the first steps into this new life for Latin Americans that is very pathetic.

In Mexico Christianity became a "paganized Romanism." Latin American Catholics may have almost any sort of heyday they wish, even on Sunday, if only they attend mass in the morning. Bandits and plotting murderers often attend mass before their nefarious deeds. Stating in a simple way a monstrous fact, we have indisputable evidence that the code of morals employed by father confessors permits stealing, gambling, lying, and even the blackest crimes under certain

conditions. The conditions permitting stealing, for example, are that it must be from one who has more treasure than the robber and the amount that may be stolen is determined by the amount possessed by the party robbed. It is thus seen that there may be, and in Latin American life practically is, a divorce between religion and morality.

One of our young Mexicans wrote a fellow toiler, urging him to read the Great Book. He replied as follows:

"I refer to your good letter dated the 9th of last month. The Bible is not a Holy Book. The Bible is not a book written by men inspired.

"The Old Testament is a book written by savages in a complete state of barbarism. The New Testament, even when it possesses something of good, demonstrates in each page intolerance, credulity, and ignorance. There are passages in the Old Testament worthy of an Apache or harlot half civilized. There are passages in the New Testament worthy of an inquisitor or a benighted Mexican savage (*desilustre chichimeca*).

"This book offends science and outrages reason. This book has caused misery, slavery, war, ignorance, torment, famines, and tears. This book is one of the greatest calamities that weigh upon the unredeemed pilgrims (*irredento*) of earth.

"Christ (?)—I want justice before all else in

this world! Christ (?)—I want knowledge and tolerance! Christ (?)—I want civilization!"

Since this letter was written, however, the young man has taken a stand for Christ. Now the Bible is to him *an inspired Book.*

Religious Substitutes Prevalent

We turn now to the straws and broken *chatties*[1] which millions of Latin Americans clasp and grasp in their moral and spiritual struggles.

1. *Fatalism.* The annual *Almanaque* of a leading Mexican daily paper is full of horoscopes of days of the month, influence of names on character, the key to dreams, and popular superstitions. Gambling and the lottery flourish upon the main trunk-line of popular fatalism. This is more than determinism. Fatalism holds the belief that the issue of all events is so fixed by fate or divine decree that man is powerless to change it. Practically this means that all that happens had to happen, and that *nothing will happen except what has to happen!* This is what undermines moral character and destroys morals.

On the trunk-line of fatalism, along with gambling and superstition, will also be found flourishing neglect of health, moral license, procrastination, dishonesty, and the degeneration of the will and judgment. Light of mind and soul alone

[1] A clay globe used to float swimmers in the Orient. When it breaks, the hapless one drowns.

A MOTHERS' CLASS IN ENGLISH

It is often the Mexican mother who has least opportunity to learn the English language. The churches along the Border are trying to make up for this lack by providing special classes for mothers.

IN RURAL NEW MEXICO

The two buildings shown above stand for ideals that are quite different. One is a Protestant mission school hidden away in the mountains many miles from the railroad; the other is a Penitente house or *morada*, representing the survival of some of the most unenlightened ideas and crudest superstitions of the Middle Ages. The Penitente organization thrives only in northeastern New Mexico.

will restore faith in God and self and in the laws of nature.

Santiago, a slim, pale youth, a new member of our mission, came to the *Liga Epworth* smoking a cigarette. Carlos challenged him with, "Dost thou not know that thou art digging thy grave by smoking? Thy brothers have died, and why dost thou use those things which the Yankees call coffin-nails?" Santiago languidly replied, "Ah, *amigo* (friend), have no care; twelve of my brothers and sisters have died. I will not die unless it is my fate." So reason myriads of Latin Americans, especially in the hour of temptation to indulge some forbidden appetite or lust.

Latin American reformers often refer to the lax family discipline of their people. Fathers and mothers spoil their children and indulge them with improper foods, especially when they display a caprice or a tantrum. They do not duly weigh the certain sad results since fatalism again whispers, "It will not result badly unless it had to be." Later they say, "It was the will of God."

Where did the famous (or infamous) "*mañana*" habit come from, if not from the subtle and seductive philosophy of fatalism? Nothing bad will result—unless it had to—from tardiness, procrastination, and improvidence.

2. *The Independientes.* All Christian work among Mexicans is embarrassed and imperiled by the sect of *Independientes* (Independent Mexican Church) founded by a fanatic. Even the founder

himself has repented the step now as he sees the mischief his movement is doing. It decries salaried pastors, theology, sects, and any dependence upon American or other "foreign" aid or direction. This propaganda is infecting many a formerly prosperous mission above the Border. The idea works better here than in Mexico itself because the back-sliders who, for the most part, head these movements get daily wages to support them and glory in it, and they can carpet-bag their way into almost any mission by anti-American sentiment growing out of the "Border question." This movement is chiefly confined to the laboring class.

3. *The Intellectuals.* There are hundreds of thousands of intellectually awakened Latin Americans in our country. They do not form *Independiente* missions. Instead they form liberal clubs, free thought circles, new thought societies, and the like. Of course these various wings of the intellectual and religious campaign of liberation are not labeled as above. They are ofttimes known as "*Tertulias,*" "Social Clubs," "Pan-American Societies," "Pro-patria Clubs." They are the legitimate harvest of the intellectual and religious past of these people gone to seed.

4. *Socialism.* The word "socialism" has become synonymous among Latin Americans with atheism. Its protest is against the traditional church. Its chief tenet, supposedly, among the average Mexican group of any class, is the doing

away with all religion as the "chief cause of misery in human society." This social bigotry becomes a substitute for religion. This extreme and unchristian form of socialism often walks arm in arm through the Latin American colonies with an extreme and violent form of I.W.W. and sovietism, both being practically vicious substitutes for all organized religion. The leaders of both of these movements harangue the plaza mobs of a Sunday afternoon with the propaganda that established religion of all kinds sides with wealth against labor and the masses. It is startling to know that just as Leon Trotsky obtained his Bolshevik infection in the Russian quarters of New York, so are many Mexican "Trotskys" developing similar social virus in colonies above the Border and then moving southward to inoculate their countrymen.

5. *Freemasonry.* The Masonic Order has figured largely in Latin American life, especially among the free and independent, educated, or politically powerful classes. An astonishing majority of the deliverers of Mexico and South America have been high-degree Masons. In many parts the most common synonym for *Protestantes* is "Masons." Juarez, Porfirio Diaz, and Madero are among the large number of statesmen who were Masons. This, combined with the profoundly scriptural, fraternal, and noble ritual of Masonry, has produced a Masonic fraternity throughout all Pan-America which has become a

substitute for Romanism. Masonry is growing very rapidly among the Mexicans above the Border. Many a strained interracial situation has been bridged by the introductory remark of the peace-maker, *"Somos tres Masones. Ahora, primero oremos!"* (We are three Masons. First let us pray.) It is a well-recognized fact that in the halls of the Masons more than in any other place in all the Latin world the spark of liberty was kept aglow when there was nowhere else in which leading spirits could trust each other.

6. *Mormonism.* Mormonism seems strangely attractive to the Mexicans. One preacher and several members in one mission have been baptized as Mormons. This sect is strongly entrenched among the Mexicans in Arizona, California, and in Mexico itself. In view of the loose marital relations resulting from the attitude toward matrimony held by many nominal Roman Catholics in the Southwest, the menace of Mormonism casts a dark shadow along the Rio Grande.

7. *Spiritualism.* Spiritualism is getting quite a foothold with the better-class Latin Americans. In talking with a prominent Spanish lawyer the question of religion was brought up. The lawyer quickly sought my opinion of "spiritism, occult science, mental transfer, mesmerism, and suggestion." It was painful to recognize that he considered these things religion. A brilliant teacher recently arrived from Mexico, when asked to give a testimonial in the Mexican church, scandalized

the pastor by her evident saturation with spiritualism. Latin personality lends ready ear and credence to "teachers of the occult." Every Gypsy fortune-teller seems to speak Spanish.

8. *Other Groups.* Russellism, Christian Science, and "divine healers" in their crass and exploiting forms, prey upon the faith and the flat purses of our friends from over the Border. These groups cause situations like the following, to which we now are seeking some solution.

We have word that a poor Mexican laborer in Kansas has a wife in the last stages of tuberculosis. He heard of a divine healer in Los Angeles who promised healing for the patient upon payment of $100. The deaconess writes that this faithful worker in the mission has sent $25 and has promised to send the balance when his wife is able to come, meaning when he has $75 in addition to the money needed for her railroad fare and her lodging in some hovel here. Even if she should reach Los Angeles, she will soon die, far from her loved ones, after having infected scores of other Mexicans. The money could have been used to much better advantage for the sick woman, and could have helped to save her children. Yet this swindler is reaping the benefit of this money instead. He is widely advertised in all the Spanish papers above the Border with a picture of his handsome face and many testimonials. It seems at present impossible either to prosecute or dislodge him.

9. *Holy Rollers.* Without doubt some moral good is done by the "Holy Rollers." Their effect in general, however, is the drawing from the various missions of hundreds of enthusiastic people, including pastors and their entire congregations. After they have tried this form of religion for a while, the disgusted ones come back, but rarely do they have their former spirit of harmony and unity. Instead, they are ever seeking in the missions to unsettle the peace and faith of the most devout, and all on the basis of physical extravagances. They make much of the "gift of tongues."

10. *The Penitentes.* In northeastern New Mexico we find a peculiar group of people known as *Penitentes.* They seem to be spiritual descendants of the Third Order of St. Francis, which in the early days of Spanish control was widely extended over New Mexico. The order is a secret one and the *Penitente* houses, or *moradas,* where their meetings are held are familiar sights in scores of New Mexico villages. Because of the secret character of the organization little is known of the activities of this order during the greater part of the year, but at Easter time an annual procession is held in the open. During this march the members inflict keen and sometimes extravagant torture upon themselves. They have been known to whip themselves with yucca or other cactus whips until blood has been drawn. It was supposed that this order was dying out, but more

recently it seems to be taking on renewed life. It is now said by those who are well informed concerning the matter that in many communities the *Penitente* organization is the controlling factor in politics, and that politicians are therefore encouraging the maintenance of the organization so that they may use it for political ends. The *Penitente* groups are not confined to the older members of the community. Young men are continually joining the organization and taking part in its ceremonies.

Protestant Difficulties

Many of our Latin brothers do not believe that the "Anglo-Saxon religion" is possible for their temperament. We have too little of art, reverence, and loving-kindness for those who fall. Our religion is too exacting and impatient. It is too "practical" to be immediately possible or even desirable.

Many believe that most of us do not really care whether they are ever "saved" or even given a chance to become Christian Americans. Mexicans, Italians, Portuguese, and Filipinos are all too frequently told plainly that they are not wanted in American churches. If they come, they are just as clearly informed—usually without words, of course, though not always in so kind a way—that they are inferior and curious specimens, not quite safe to have about. In one com-

munity a nice mission had been started in an American church, out of hours. A few "brethren" objected, and it had to stop. Another community refused them an unused church because it did not want to encourage "those people." One trustee said, "The whole country will be turned over to Japs and 'Blackbirds' (Mexicans) if we do not watch out."

Poor, wretched "Gospel Halls" and churches, bare of aids to worship and facilities for a community program, are bad forms of missionary strategy among the Yaquis of Mexico or in the Amazon Valley. But to have these excuses for places of worship maintained for years by the side of one or several palatial churches in the United States where we and our children worship God, all the while neglecting these ostracized neighbors and hard-working servants of our industrial system—all this does not help to open doors into Latin hearts for the Americans' religion. Terrible "architectural tragedies" might be described here. We have many buildings which are tragedies, and only a few of the better sort. Our Mexican pastors cry out in despair over the effect of neglect and discrimination.

The Value of Tracts

It may be noted incidentally that one very effective means of combating errors and under-

standing Mexican hearts is the Christian tract. A Mexican student with joy told how she handed a tract to a well-dressed Mexican lady just as she left the train. A few days later a maid called upon the student, who was studying to become a deaconess, inviting her to call at the home of her mistress, who was the wife of a merchant. On calling, she was met affectionately by the lady, who said: "I read those words in that *tratado* you gave me at the train. It has changed my life. I am a Christian and I want to thank you and to have you come often to our house."

The pastor of a great Mexican church, when he was a senior in the University of Mexico, was one of the millions of freethinkers in Latin America. He would not touch the Bible for he did not believe in it. But he chanced upon a tract which referred to matters that required him to verify or challenge after consulting the despised Book. As a result of his investigation, he became a believer. For several years this man was general secretary of the International Sunday School Association for the Republic of Mexico. He has visited all parts of the nation, as well as Cuba, Panama, and the United States. His eloquent and convincing addresses in church and plaza were made possible by the entrance of the Light by means of a gospel tract. This preacher is a constant distributor, personally and through his assistants, of appropriate tracts.

Great care must be taken in selecting safe

tracts. While the missionary boards are sending out pastors and building churches, various sects and propagandists are busy adding to some excellent matter conclusions of their own. These are often mischievous. They soon honeycomb the missions with the bigotry and fanaticism of disaffected and critical schismatics. Of course the cure is to produce a wealth of helpful literature for use in the work. At present there is a pathetic lack of this mighty agency for reaching into the very depths of the task, especially above the Border where it is easy to "sow knee-deep" the unprepared new converts with tracts very harmful in their results. These propagandists cannot easily reach unconverted Mexicans with their narrow and dogmatic appeals, but they can disturb awakened souls who are conscientiously seeking for the whole truth, and who are made to think that these new ideas, such as Russellism, "unsalaried pastors," Mormonism, "keeping the real Sabbath," New Thought, and the various other divisive teachings are the truth. Tracts which are in part excellent are tinctured with some partisan bias which does damage to peace, comity, and real progress in organizing a stable church. The sects responsible usually have little conscience in their methods, and their tactics are often highly dishonest. Fortunately such a program is not ultimately welcome among Latin Americans; they have had enough of that sort of thing. But inspiring, frank, and unsectarian gospel tracts in

brief form, and particularly incidents and illustrations, are greatly needed.

Multitudes of Mexicans are within our borders. We may ignore or evade our duty here, but we cannot escape it. We believe God has sent them to us for a purpose. The church which has pretended to serve them through four centuries has woefully failed. The Panama Congress declared, "The Latin Church is unable to do for these people what they need to see accomplished." Shall we despise and neglect these newly-arrived friends or shall we give them our hands and our hearts and lead them to Jesus Christ and his way of life? His call is clear. What shall be the response?

The crest and crowning of all good, life's final star is brotherhood;
For it will bring again to earth her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
Will send new light on every face, a kingly Power upon the race.
And till it come, we men are slaves, and travel downward to dust of graves.
Come, clear the way, then, clear the way; blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path; our hope is in the aftermath.
Our hope is in heroic men, star-led to build the world again.
To this event the ages ran; make way for Brotherhood—make way for man.

EDWIN MARKHAM

VI

RELIGIOUS WORK

> What the world has been waiting for through the centuries is a sample Christian nation. America has the best chance of being that sample.
>
> EDWARD LAIRD MILLS

TWO questions are constantly being asked: Are Mexicans ever really converted? How do you start a mission among them? One of many answers that come from actual experience is the following.

"Suppose, my brothers, that you had to pay the Lord for all the light which he sends down to you from his great electric light plant. How much would your bill be? Suppose you had to pay for all his irrigation from the skies. That would be a big water bill—*mucho dinero, hermanos mios* (much money, brothers mine!)" The vigorous speaker, a Mexican blacksmith, was addressing (through an interpreter) a large audience in Orange County, California. He captivated the formerly prejudiced audience. That started the good work. Within a week the old Mormon church in the community had been bought, and a Mexican mission "started" which now, after eight years, has eight missions as off-shoots.

Five years later the pastor of the church in which this Mexican spoke wanted, in the church

he was then serving, a Mexican speaker for a special service. He said: "Bring to my Hollywood church that same Mexican. Señor Valencia, he's the boy! He will stir my exclusive people. And let him tell them about their bills for God's electric light and irrigation!"

Twenty-eight years before, this same José Valencia was out shooting birds one Sunday morning with a new .22 rifle. A Christian American foreman on his way to church greeted the Mexican boy with, "Oye, José, if you are going to shoot birds, you ought not to shoot them on Sunday; this is God's day." José liked the kind stranger, hunted out his church, attended it, and was soon on the way to becoming a Christian. He sold his prized rifle and, with the money, bought a Bible. It was a four-volume Douay version, a Catholic version bought to please his Catholic parents and relatives.

In this great soul-winner, now superintendent of one of the most important Sunday schools above the Border and a local preacher with a beautiful Christian family, we have an answer to the frequent question, "Are Mexicans ever really converted?" This heroic Christian layman sells many Bibles. He often has polemic conferences with priests, to which he goes on Sunday afternoons armed with his beloved Word of God affectionately wrapped up and carried in his hand. He talks with poor laborers and with proud but

unfortunate Mexican exiles whom he meets in the street or plaza, always emphasizing Christ as a friend. He takes especial interest in every member of his own circle of relatives. This man, whom anyone may visit in his neat, happy home—his own property—in Los Angeles, could fill a book if he were to tell what God is doing through him, "an unworthy and humble servant."

The story of the missionary *Camino Real* in the Southwest records many thrilling annals. It tells how Roman Catholic priests came first. They began their formal missionary work in 1595 when the Southwest became a territory of Spain. Probably no typical Protestant pioneer has made so much material relating to this time available for our study as has the Rev. Thomas Harwood, D.D., one of the pioneer missionaries to New Mexico. He writes:

> Roman Catholics had the right of way in New Mexico for almost three hundred years. They had the entire religious control of New Mexico, unmolested by Protestants or Americans for nearly ten generations. What a golden opportunity was this for Romanism. The so-called infallible Pope at their head, the crowned heads of Spain and her civil and military officials and soldiery, for most of the time, at their back, and a conquered territory at their feet; with no Protestant Bible or Protestant press or Protestant preacher or public school in the way, the priests could sow the gospel seed, water it with their tears, bask in papal benedictions, and reap the golden harvest!
>
> Ten generations of sowing and reaping and what is the harvest? . . . In 1850 it was, intellectually, morally, and religiously, one of the darkest corners in Christendom. While

the march of civilization had taken grand strides almost everywhere else, New Mexico had fallen behind. . . . In 1870 not a public schoolhouse could be found, hardly a Bible in one family in a thousand, and only a few other books; hardly a public road or a bridge, only those that had been built by the government or the Protestant pioneer; hardly an American plow, wagon, or buggy could be found. . . . Some fruits were growing here, but chiefly grapes for wine.

But feeble efforts were made to open the gates of civilization compared with our Protestant eastern states. The priests and church preferred to go on gathering tithes of flocks, fleeces, and grain, administering sacraments at high prices, baptisms, marriages, extreme unction, and prayers for the dead at extortionate prices; all of which could be practised only among an ignorant and superstitious people. If such was the condition in 1869 when I came, it must have been so when the first pioneers came in 1850.

In 1870, when the first census was taken, every citizen felt ashamed of the illiteracy of the territory. Seventy-three and a half per cent of the people over ten years of age could not read and five per cent more were unable to write. And yet we are told: "These are our people. Protestant missionaries have no business here."

It may surprise some to learn that the first evangelical Spanish sermon in the New World, and probably in the entire world, was preached by Padre Benigno Cardenas, at Santa Fé, November 20, 1853; and he then became the first licensed Spanish Protestant preacher in the world.

The first denomination to enter New Mexico seems to have been the Baptists. Samuel Gorman, the first missionary to the Pueblo Indians, in 1854 erected in Santa Fé the first Protestant church in New Mexico.

The first Presbyterian missionary was W. J. Kephart, who entered the field in 1850. He was followed soon afterward by Rev. John A. Annin, the "Father of Mexican Work" under the same board. In 1869 Mr. Annin went to Vegas where he was welcomed by a young Mexican in the following characteristic way: "I have been praying for a missionary. You can depend upon me for anything I can do."

The Congregational, United Brethren, Episcopal, and some other denominations, including all of the distinctly southern denominations, have work in this field. The Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. are also rendering an important service. The first Methodist missionaries sent out with the purpose of ministering only in English, turned home because of illness and discouragement and resolved to give up the mission. But the altruistic work of "Father" John L. Dyer and the later efforts of E. G. Nicholson, Walter Hansen—who spoke Spanish—and others, was accomplished by Providence bringing them into touch with an eloquent, influential, and well-educated but dissatisfied Roman Catholic priest of Santa Fé, Benigno Cardenas.

This priest made bitter reference to the bishop and the church which caused the controversy to seem like a personal quarrel, and he was not encouraged. He went to Rome with his cause, and this visit only served to open his eyes completely. After ten weeks of affectionate and intensive

A MEXICAN FRIENDLY CENTER

This $4,000 chapel and community center for Mexicans was made possible by an interdenominational Bible class in Orange, California. It is a step forward when local communities take a friendly interest in the Mexicans within their borders.

A CLINIC FOR MEXICANS

The pathetic conditions under which many Mexicans are forced to live in this country, and the improper feeding they endure account largely for their many diseases and abnormally high death rate

Christian training in the family of a Mr. Rule in London, he brought letters to the New York Board of Missions (Methodist) and was appointed to the Spanish work under Superintendent Nicholson. With his ministry the real work began among the Mexicans in the great Southwest. He was alone in the territory for a year, and the records show that up to that time his was "the only productive Protestant ministry in the territory," and that he really laid the foundations of a living evangelical church among his people.

This racial pioneer had his trials. When one of his first meetings was advertised in the plaza, the notices were torn down. On the day this meeting was to be held, the bishop denounced Cardenas in the extended mass, saying that the people must not even look at him because he was an apostate and his very looks might contaminate them. When the mass could be prolonged no further, the bells kept up a great din until the priests and nuns had all retired. Then, at the appointed hour, close in front of the Governor's palace, thus gaining the protection of the United States, Cardenas spoke. His subject was "Repentance and Justification of Man." The address was delivered with great force and clearness. The talk was appropriate in sentiment, illustration, and spirit. Then, after introducing Superintendent Nicholson, Cardenas unfolded and explained his parchment and letters of ordination and character as a presbyter and priest of the Church of Rome, and as an apos-

tolic missionary to New Mexico. These he placed, one by one, in the hands of Superintendent Nicholson, expressing as he did so a desire to be connected with his mission and to be authorized to officiate as a minister. The plaza seats were filled, and many sat on the ground. Everyone listened with unbroken attention as Cardenas in a touching manner uttered his reasons for renouncing the dogmas and legends of Rome and embracing the faith and worship of Protestants.

The first Mexican convert to follow Benigno Cardenas seems to have been Ambrosio Gonzales at Peralta. His story is as follows:

"One evening in 1853 Superintendent Nicholson left a Bible with me. It was the first Bible of any kind that I had ever seen. The Book had a charm for me. When the rest retired, I sat up and continued to read. I read nearly the whole book of Genesis. I then turned to the New Testament and read several chapters in St. John—one of which was the fourteenth, beginning, 'Let not your heart be troubled.' It was to me a new book. I read until the chickens were crowing for day. I lay down on a lounge in the same room and soon fell asleep. When I awoke, the sun was shining through the window into my face, and the Son of Righteousness was shining brightly in my soul. I have been a Christian and a Protestant ever since."

When this first convert lay dying, years afterward, he placed his hand on the head of his little

nine-year-old grandson, who was named for him, and said, "Ambrosio, as you have borne my name, I trust that some day you will also fill my place as a minister of the gospel." This grandson became a most successful and outstanding preacher. But it required the encouragement of those "prophets of the long trails," traveling with saddle-bags or buckboard, in those days of adobe huts and fanaticism, to lead him and others like him to decide for Christ and his ministry.

Persecution

The first to lay down his life as a martyr for the redemption of Latin Americans within our borders was Rev. F. J. Tolby. Two years after leaving his home in northwest Indiana for labors in the Spanish Southwest, he was shot and killed. On the 14th of September, 1875, he was returning on horseback from the out-station of Elizabethtown, New Mexico, when he was fired at from ambush. A lonely but honored grave marks the holy ground where this bold, promising missionary laid down his life.

On Christmas Eve, 1880, a Presbyterian editor and preacher at Socorro was shot and killed at the church door as he was entering for a Christmas gathering. In the same year a Mexican preacher was shot and badly wounded while on his circuit. A lead bullet can still be seen in the door of the church at Peralta where Rev. John

Steele was shot at while working at a carpenter's bench, helping to build the church. Two later attempts were made to take his life.

Dr. T. M. Harwood and E. Barela were stoned while serving as Protestant ministers; and Bishop McCabe tells that after he had laid the cornerstone at El Paso for the new Spanish Church, it was removed and defaced during the night. Many others have been threatened, stoned, and mobbed, thus sharing the sufferings of Christ and of the sixty-four evangelical martyrs in Old Mexico, and the many others throughout all Latin America. A most hopeful sign is the present recognition by friends and foes that such methods only work harm to the persecutors and promote the work of the gospel.

Dr. Thomas Harwood died in 1918 at Albuquerque, New Mexico. Little would one believe, looking into those blue eyes always set in a bright, kindly smile, that this old Civil War chaplain had spent four decades of untiring labor as circuit-rider, teacher, and administrator, using constantly both English and Spanish, sleeping and eating under impossible conditions and bearing burdens and the rigors of climate impossible for most of us to conceive. He had a keen sense of sympathy for the people he served, and, like the Emancipator he admired, he had a sense of humor as a saving grace. In his "History of New Mexico Missions" he quaintly tells the following story.

"Mr. Johnson at Cherry Valley in 1869 turned his chickens out in the sage-brush so that the adobe hen-house with its dirt floor might be used, after it had been neatly white-washed and fixed up, for the day-school; and, two days after, for Sunday School and preaching services. Years after this the question arose as to who had the first Sunday School in the territory. I stated the time and the place, and that if nobody else could show that he had a school earlier than we, I should claim that we were first. At any rate, we think that we had reason to *crow* as ours was opened in a *hen house!*"

Eager Workers

It is evident from the foregoing and from the memories of anyone reared on the frontier that most efficient work is done by the Mexican local preachers, colporteurs, Sunday School superintendents and teachers, and by women missionaries. Years of experience with the Latin Americans and other foreign-speaking people deepen the conviction that such workers are the real advance guard and frontline fighters in this work. Their lowly estate is often an advantage to them, though they may seem to us greatly handicapped in limitations as to education, dress, and conveniences of life, and, even, in clear or correct convictions as to ecclesiastical and theological dictums. They seem best able to make the personal contact needed.

The most effective workers, especially among the most needy about the Border, are those trained or untrained, whose hearts are on fire with concern for their fellows. I think of one now who cannot read or write, but he can win souls and lead meetings. He reaches many whom cultured, correct, ordained pastors could not touch. The more that our best-trained workers can preserve this spirit of true Christian democracy, the more valuable they are. They are like the early reformers who set the world on fire, who were accustomed simply to say, "Is thy heart right, give me thy hand."

Our most successful trained pastors are those who can raise up, as staff members and as candidates for Christian work, the largest corps of this type of workers to work under careful supervision. From these colporteurs, lay workers, and "women helpers" will be recruited some of the best pastors and women missionaries. This does not do away with the absolute necessity of well-trained, ten-talent leaders to organize, train, and direct the increasingly complicated life of a really efficient and adequate church and community plant for Spanish-speaking people. But God keep these greater leaders free from the snares which might lead them to neglect the mass of lowly Mexicans which forms the major portion of all Mexican colonies. Success in this group will not fail to win the loyalty and cooperation of important racial leaders of the more fortunate class.

The Bible at Work

Throughout Latin America the Bible is the "Silent Missionary." The pastor of a city church early one Sunday morning had a caller. At the door he found a typical Mexican, from *sombrero* to *zapatos,* with courtesy and amiability just radiating from his tanned face and brawny figure. Every token showed him to be a "Mexican pure."

"Hagame el favor, Señor, de venderme una Biblia." (Do me the favor, Sir, to sell me a Bible.) Though long a resident in the Southwest, Doctor McClish confesses his amazement in having a real Mexican seeking a Bible. "For," said he, "are they not all Catholics?" His surprise grew during the several weeks which passed until the precious volume in Spanish could be secured from the American Bible Society in New York. His Mexican friend walked eight miles into town, through intense heat, every Sunday for about two months, until at last *la Biblia* came. There was no Mexican mission in that region in those days, so this seeker was left to the ministry of the "Silent Missionary."

We know a Christian Mexican layman who is accustomed to seek out and visit with his expatriated countrymen on the streets after his day's work. He found one who was evidently of better class, but who seemed ill. A brief conversation led him to visit the sick man's cottage. The family accepted the gospel, and the father found

comfort from the new-found Word of God until he died. His wife, to ease his intense suffering, read to him from the New Testament through the long night hours. He kept the "Silent Missionary" under his pillow when his cultured wife was not reading it to him aloud. It became known at last that his family is related to the Madero family in Mexico. They asked that the funeral be conducted in the Protestant chapel—a dark, single-room hall. After the pastor and superintendent had delivered tactful messages appropriate to the occasion, because supposedly all were high-class Catholics, it was thought a courtesy due the Christian brother who found him on the street at the first to let him "speak briefly." But consternation fell upon the pastor and superintendent when Señor V——, after heartfelt words of sympathy, began to preach to the large circle of relatives the appeal of God to their lives: "You who sit here in sorrow today know what joy and peace the Word of the Lord brought to your loved one. You will all some day come to this parting and you will need the same Light. Most of you sons and daughters are no longer thoughtless children; you are married and have children and this day should see you possessing the faith of your father. Your lives are an open book before God. Give your hearts to Him."

At the cemetery it was decided not to permit the zealous layman to embarrass further the progress of the gospel by a second inappropriate ad-

dress. We had finished the ritual and were about to give the signal for the casket to be lowered, when the most prominent of the sons-in-law stepped out quickly, saying, "The friends of the deceased would like to have Señor V—— speak again." And this time it was an evangelistic appeal of the first rank, with no apology or hesitation. On the way back this godly lay Mexican said to me, "We must have a better chapel. These sons and daughters have children whom they wish us to baptize, but that gospel hall is not respectable for this class of Mexicans." It was all due to work of the "Silent Missionary" and a humble spokesman to form the contact.

Old "Hundred Fires"

Let *Cienfuegos* ("Hundred Fires") give his testimony. Speaking among a group of Mexicans and local Americans who knew him well, he said: "I've been a bad Mexican. Everybody in the saloons knows me from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles. Cards have been my god. I laughed in their faces when these friends here first asked me to come to this little mission. But now I am a new man. I feel a great change since I found the Lord Jesus." This man immediately began finding and bringing in new people to the mission and getting the workers to visit or write to the acquaintances of his days when "cards were his god." If he—past middle life—fail of God's

highest, yet the little children at least whom he is bringing in will be more perfect fruits of his conversion.

An Incident

Around a rude table out of doors under the live-oaks we found Perez with the members of his large family eating their noon-day meal. With thanks we declined the invitation to join them, and proceeded to have gospel songs and a message. Right promptly at its close the brawny father said: "Why may not I and my family enjoy this religion? I have been a bad man. These brothers with you know I have been a drunkard because the first time they came here there was a jug of wine here on this table. I want to be a Christian like you tell us about." This man and his family drove several miles on a following Sunday through a chilly rain to present themselves to the Mexican pastor for baptism and membership in the church.

Starting a Mission

Years of observation and experience with Latin Americans have developed outlines of principles which seem fundamental to success in organizing missions among them.

(1) *Locating the mission plant is half the battle.* Mexicans by nature or heritage are a plaza peo-

ple. This is inevitable with an illiterate people who have to gather at the plaza to get the news, meet friends, and secure employment. The old dominant church has always occupied one side of the public square, just as the *palacio del gobierno* has occupied the adjoining side. They want their church to be central and commanding. It is wise to expend, if necessary, half the funds available to secure a central and ample location—none is too good, and rarely is it large enough. As in catching trout, one must go where they are!

(2) *Get their view-point and work from that angle.* One of the most valuable lessons one learns in Normal School is: When you have a "bad boy" do not ask what you are thinking about him, but *what he is thinking about you?* It will soon become apparent that a spirit of condescension in workers among Latin Americans is as obnoxious as is a spirit of coercion. Both traits are native to the efficient and lordly Saxons, and both are abhorrent to the long oppressed Latins.

(3) *Become familiar with their racial traits and beautiful language.* It is essential to know these well. They love color, adore music. They think with their hearts, rarely with their heads, in matters of policy and quick decision. They are born orators. Their feats of memorizing amaze the average Saxon. They are very gregarious, affable, imaginative, generous, obliging,—and they expect the same in return. Of sanguine racial

moods, they are naturally passionate and often pessimistic, jealous, and fearful of meeting and adopting "Americanisms." Truly this personality is a Joseph's coat of many colors. One must appreciate it to win these folks.

(4) *Daringly lead them right out to full-orbed activity in Christian work.* They will testify and pray, when they have reason for doing so, because of their grateful recognition of how much God has done for them in their personal experience. Their gratitude and eloquence helps them to do it in a fashion that astonishes most Christian workers unacquainted with Latin Christians. New converts and little children "take part" like veterans, and with earnestness and sincerity. They should also be just as immediately and daringly introduced to the highest ideals and moral standards, true social viewpoints, and to the soul exercise of active service. They enjoy it.

(5) *Do not weary them.* Their "attention is short." We often see successful workers intersperse a happy hymn in the midst of a sermon. Have lots of singing of a joyous sort. They like good music; it lifts their burdens and bears them on their upward way. But plan things brief and varied. Remembering this, there may be arranged the long programs, of which they are fond. But keep in mind the varied and spectacular character of their hereditary religious services, and do not weary them. Make them hungry to come again.

(6) *"Talk to the heart."* Francisco Penzotti, veteran Bible Society worker in all Latin America, in reply to the request for advice as to how to reach the people in such large numbers and so effectively, said, *"Habla al corazon."* They are simple, trustful, and withal great philosophers. Truth is of the heart as truly as of the head, and the solutions of life's problems arise in the intuitions and sentiments as often as in the reason and the logical or mathematical formula. At any rate, the Latin Americans are best reached by direct, sincere appeal to their better selves.

(7) *Make up sermons which are bona-fide, urgent appeals and deliver them in a real and direct fashion.* They are sick and tired of the all too often superficial, exaggerated, and fulsome sentences of the stereotyped old Spanish form of *discurso;* they are groping for reality and the truth. Make the message such that the folks, always there!—who hear the gospel message for the first time in their lives and who may never hear it again, may find Christ and his way of life. Put Jesus Christ in every sermon. Make them eager to buy a Bible!

(8) *Formulate a cheerful, natural, cultural order of church service.* Feature the cooperative character of the service. Bring in the living and the beautiful. One of our pastors wanted to have pots of flowers and singing canaries in his church auditorium. At any rate, here is a situation where it is a sin to be dry and uninteresting. The

order of church service may well be dignified and formal, but still very happy and helpful in tone.

(9) *Lead the pastors and people out into a well-defined and unselfish Christian program for the community.* Here is difficulty and dismay, for it is a new thing for a folk weak in initiative; but it can and must be done. They must learn as a community to help themselves. A community and a racial consciousness must be awakened. This is being done increasingly in many centers. Needless to say, the real problem is to train and lead the pastors to organize such community programs. And back of the Mexican pastor's vision must be that of his superintendent. Americans should allow the Mexican people themselves to have a voice in the conduct of the mission. The English-speaking friends should be, like the Lord, near at hand and helpful, but in administration as much as possible out of sight.

(10) *Prayerfully strive to play up the racial spirit and excellencies in terms of American and Christian ideals.* Plan as you would for the reconstruction of any oppressed, war-torn, and awakening people. Tie up to worthy Christian movements familiar to them in their own *patrias.* Regard them as citizens of that Kingdom which includes all the world, and sees them as promising candidates for character, faith and service in the molds of *their own racial past* and *personality.* They must not be expected to become Anglo-Saxon Christians any more than we should ex-

pect ten-year-old Tommy to become on the spot the sort of saint that his dear Aunt Eliza is.

(11) *Temper the message, program and administration with due consideration of the people's past.* Avoid controversy. Do not discuss Romanism, socialism, or even specific vices except in a fine spirit of love and patience. Keep them coming. "Weep sore for him that goeth away." Publish their virtues and moral victories and soft-pedal on their lapses and vices which have not yet dropped off. Insist on their getting the heart right and they will usually make fully as quick time in their moral house-cleaning as the Anglo-Saxon Christian world has made since the Reformation. They have never had the Reformation. That great movement did not penetrate Spain or Portugal, nor has it ever leavened those countries nor Latin America except as it is now slowly filtering in as our missionaries are beginning to go out in larger numbers to those lands. Latin Americans above the Border are really a part with those peoples to the South.

Interdenominational Cooperation

There is a growing interdenominational attempt to avoid overlapping and to promote amity and cooperation in all Mexican work. The Interdenominational Home Missions Council on Spanish-Speaking Work meets annually. Each society is entitled to two field members and one

Board member. The sessions continue two or three days. The findings are printed. There is a growing desire to standardize the whole work, to discover and do away with friction, to provide a vernacular and bilingual literature, to assemble and make available all the language materials now published by the various boards, and to bring the supporting missionary boards and the fields together in a vital and intelligent program of service. Much progress has been made, but "there remaineth yet much land to be possessed" in this interdenominational realm.

Organizing the Work

A Mexican mission is like a baby in that it is born, needs help and direction until able to walk alone, may be made a deformed cripple, a helpless dependent, and, worst of all, it may die. The latter is a common occurrence, and it is a tragedy.

It is easy to "start" a Mexican mission. Hundreds have been started, and then have lapsed and have thus become a joke to our many foes and a "scandal" to valiant Mexican believers who have found that they stood forth in vain in their new faith, suffering the mental agony of persecution and temptation at the hands of their fellows. There are all too few successful Latin American missions.

Among suggestions that have proved helpful are the following:

(1) Have a mothering, local association organized before the mission is opened. Let the dominant principle be a firm purpose that the mission shall never die. This will require careful planning and a far look. Insist upon all members being favorable to the enterprise. Develop a spiritual, sympathetic and sacrificial spirit. Regard the enterprise as a very real and large missionary labor. Do not permit mere social service to absorb the attention until the objectives of developing character and faith are forgotten. A young people's society in a great industrial town in Pennsylvania put its foreign missionary work under the missionary department of the society, and the missionary work in its midst *under the social service department!* The heart of the work must be religion.

(2) Organize the local association, with constitution, by-laws and officers, and regular meetings monthly. Have the following three committees at least: (1) Program and Organization Committee to develop and push the mothering association; to arrange interesting programs and social features; to secure members and monthly attendance. Let that be their job, and hold them responsible for it and nothing else. Work them. (2) Finance and Property Committee to handle the budget and to execute the financial plans for the building and equipment. Let the budget be respectable and adequate and expect this committee to carry it through. (3) Employment and Welfare Commit-

tee whose motto shall be, "There is no help which helps people like the help which helps them to help themselves." Cases of need and relief and constructive plans will be referred to this committee and through it to the local board. Scientific charity is their art and neighborliness and Americanization their passion.

(3) Secure a safe and successful language pastor, preferably of the same race. This racial leadership is essential to growth and permanency. The pastor should be under supervision of a sympathetic American superintendent to whom alone he will be responsible. Hold the superintendent responsible and trust him to manage the pastor. Let him pay the salary upon receipt of the monthly report. At all points in the mission program let Americans seem to keep out of sight, but be none the less active. There will be many places where American workers will be needed; let them be on hand, but not to "boss."

(4) Inspire the community and workers by having full and definite reports at the regular meetings both written and verbal, by pastor, committees and cooperators in the work. Let them be brief and real reports with concrete facts and incidents.

(5) Have much publicity given the work in the local papers and through the American services. Get materials from the reports of workers and minutes of the monthly meeting.

(6) Several starts may have to be made, but

when once begun never give up nor let anybody mention the idea of failure.

(7) Do not try to understand all that the native pastor does. Try love and trust upon the situation. Give it time. You are growing oaks out of slime beds. Do not insist upon quick, sectarian and faultless products.

(8) Undertake the adequate. The adequate is divinely possible, ultimately. It is strategically easier and in the end the quicker method. The apologetic efforts and contented helplessness of most Mexican missions are no compliment to God nor the people we serve. They do not challenge the strenuous cooperation and prayer of the whole community, particularly the business men upon whom much dependence must be placed.

(9) Make a definite goal of raising up racial leadership. Keep your eye out for possible workers. Get them on the King's Highway and keep them going. This is the big business. Raise up and train leaders—and do not spoil them by mollycoddling. Surely, these leaders must be found in just such missions as we are talking about; that is just where they are always found.

A Plaza Community Center in Action

Let us visit a Mexican Mission of the present and future in a great city. We find a good property which has cost much money, but its commanding location led friends to give generously

to it. We are met at a business-like office desk by a young woman who seems to be "Big Sister" incarnate. She excuses herself in Spanish from the Mexican family with whom she was dealing earnestly as we entered, and after greeting us and securing our signatures in the guest book, she takes us to the superintendent, telling him our home addresses and our special interest in the work. We find ourselves in the presence of a man who is kindly, direct, uplifting in his very presence. We would like him as a friend; so do the Mexicans! We are told the plan and purpose of the plant. He explains that everyone in the Plaza Community Center is a missionary—the young lady who welcomed us, aside from her steady ministry to the needy and the ones who come to the center, goes to the jails and sings, plays the harp, and speaks in two languages in those fearful institutions where bad men and often innocent Mexican youth are herded together. We are told that one young Mexican, converted in one of these jails before he went to the penitentiary, has just sent back from the "Pen" another Mexican whom he led to Christ before the latter was paroled. This paroled convict came straight to the Plaza Center and there got employment and further inspiration and help in the Christian way of life.

The superintendent takes us to another woman worker in charge of the Christian social service department. She says, "We never give anything

away here. We help folks to help themselves. The Mexicans are noble folks. They never beg. We have a hard time to find out their needs because they will not let us know of their sufferings. There are no Mexican tramps. More Americans come here to this Plaza Center asking for charity than Mexicans, and the Mexicans have infinitely more need. The problem is to let the American community know the facts and to get them to believe in the Mexicans and then constructively to help them."

The next hour passes quickly while we look and listen. Here are sick folks waiting for clinical service and operations. The most serious cases are taken to kind-hearted specialists in the city hospitals. Here are all kinds of folks seeking employment and thousands of them finding it and being introduced properly to it. Here is the day nursery for little folks whose mothers are at work. The Plaza Center Bank teaches saving and finances itself. In fact, everything finances itself and more, excepting equipment and heads of departments. This cultured Mexican nurse is a graduate of the finest hospital in the city. Here it was she found a faith and a field of which she little dreamed when she came as an exiled, upper-class, ambitious student seeking training and a career four years ago.

Throughout the plant one thing is often impressed upon the visitor; a careful file system is kept of every individual who comes in touch with

the institution—even of the visitor, not to say the many givers. Every sick person, all folks seeking work, students in the "Opportunity School" and in the Christian racial Bible Training Department, young people in the social and religious clubs and activities, are all listed in the very systematically kept files. Their country, age, occupation, family, address and their relation to the Plaza Center are progressively recorded. Touching incidents a-plenty are noted. One day's history would thrill a nation could the people know these "border conditions" and what is being done to meet them by providing wholesome race contacts and scientific help.

We find that there is a regularly organized Mexican Church. The pastor is a man of broad culture and eloquence. He speaks English and fraternizes with Americans. His young people mingle freely in the religious life of the city, but with their own racial group spirit.

We hear of the architectural dream of the cathedral-like church soon to be built with very modern facilities, equipment and program. There is to be a tower with chimes and large clock to serve the illiterate Plaza community. The elegant and worshipful auditorium will seat great audiences on special occasions and yet be cozy. Its pipe organ will be the delight of several Latin American players and thousands of listeners. The Church school departments are to equal the church in appropriateness and accommodations. Already

four afternoons and four nights in the week there are Bible school classes. There is also a vacation Bible school growing in favor and attendance. There is to be a racial pastor for each larger group and an American religious director, who likewise radiates big brotherhood and enthusiasm. Into this church all the language branches feed. The talent of the American churches of the city serve here and it is becoming an outstanding city church. There is an affiliated membership in the Plaza Church which permits folks of any faith or no church membership to subscribe to a simple creed and thus to be related to the membership.

The working force includes both races. Much visiting is done in the humble homes and also among the better class. Community prayer meetings in the various "quarters" of which the Plaza Center is the colony center, are popular. It is evident that it is a community clearing house for all classes and conditions of folks—a small idealized America.

It is evident to the visitor that there is something like a Niagara in operation. The large, well-lighted basement which serves as a social hall and forum with its reading and lounging room and its café, is thronged by folks. The clinic, day nursery, employment office, the church, the Opportunity School, and, in fact, the whole plant is a beehive of activity. In the industrial classes the day opens with a bilingual religious service of

thirty minutes devoted to song, Scripture, and occasionally to testimony. It is voluntary, but few of the toilers fail to secure this morning blessing of peace and good will. The former fiddler for the red-light dances has been converted and plays for these services. He has brought in a Mexican photographer who plays the rich-toned cello. The workers ask for more of this religious opportunity and want to be taught to memorize the beautiful Spanish hymns, for they cannot read any language. Several of them are coming to the night classes to learn to read so that they can read the Bible and the hymns. A young Mexican woman worked here a half day for seventy-five cents at first. It turned out that she had been stenographer for Francisco Madero, the martyred president of Mexico. Now her old mother works all day and the girl is giving her life in full-time service to her people, though she was, like Madero, a spiritualist when she came into this realm of the King's Highway. One visitor of wide experience said jokingly after attending one of the morning workers' meetings, "I believe I could keep my religion if I could attend these meetings once in a while. It is the real thing."

Much of the success of an enterprise consists in getting the attention and confidence of a kindly public and of the church. This great Center thronged with needy and grateful people stands

> Where cross the crowded ways of life,
> Where sound the cries of race and clan,

and folks soon see the great work that is being done for the entire community. Racial leaders are raised up. Industrial leaders are impressed. The influence reaches into the local colleges and the great university. The city officials and officers of the law are impressed. Leading racial representatives are moved to study and commend the work. It is *practico* they say. One vigorous, brilliant attorney, an ex-governor of the Mexican state, and now a prominent official of the Government said:

"The passions of my people must be restrained and educated. You folks there at the Plaza Community Center are laying down just such a moral and social program as our people need. It is just what the Mexicans want. I am deeply interested in it and I will look further into your great work. I congratulate you upon it."

A volume might be written of incidents which take place in centers like the one just described. Social agencies in desperation are seeking the aid which the church plainly is able to give. One secretary said, "We have an avalanche of Mexican girls and crime. What shall we do?" A young banker, a Spaniard, said he was not much interested in religion, but this sort of program appealed to him, especially the open-air conference held by the Mexican pastor and his young people in the Plaza, and the other social activities of the Spanish-speaking youth.

If such a great city plant cannot always be

built at once and its staff and program fully achieved, still the elemental factors can be wrought out in every mission. A well-equipped Mexican mission, however small, should at least be provided with: (1) A three or more roomed plant with good bell to call the people. Many of them cannot read the time by clocks if they had clocks. (2) Supplies in both Spanish and English —wherever possible bilingual in character so that children from the schools can read to the parents, and the whole family have this aid to the learning of English. There should be hymnals, Bibles, tracts, library, stereopticon, and funds for renting temperance, citizenship, and gospel slides. There should be an adequate though adapted Sunday-school equipment. (3) There should be money and talent for regular concerts and socials. We know of one old Mexican bootlegger who was converted at an Epworth League social, and of three ex-priests who were won by the larger program and the general spirit of big brotherhood and uplift evident in one single mission above the Border. Young men who give up cigarettes, liquor, gambling and wrong relations with young women must be given a wholesome and absorbing social program.

The Lure of Latin American Missions

The impression made upon the hearts of every open-minded investigator who comes in contact

with missions among the Mexicans or other Latin Americans is a pleasant one. Mexicans are usually responsive to efforts in their behalf. They are passionate in message, fervent in achievement, and charmingly grateful. They impart to our calculating, sober Anglo-Saxon moods and methods much of their fire, love and courtesy. There is also a strong and growing conviction that there is no better chance to help this neighboring people than that offered above the Border.

The outreach of this work has directly touched Mexico, Cuba, Spain, Portugal, Porto Rico, Greece, Hawaii, Philippines, Africa, Madeira Islands, Peru, Chile, and Brazil.

Still more significant is the outreach into the various strata of society, the sections of the community, and the departments of civic life. Think of having vital relations with the official departments of education, health, charity, justice, labor; the chamber of commerce, women's clubs; great ranches, packing companies, mining, sugar, railroad, cotton and other corporations. The most godless of them exclaim, "Sure, we want to help a work like that. It is better for you to cheer and convert the Mexicans than for them to be neglected and cut themselves to pieces in our camps. If you folks are willing to brave disease, squalor, strange tongue and stranger folks, all at little salary, we ought to give the easier part of money and property."

What a people even the most lowly Mexicans

are, when won! Below that Border during a recent revolution an Aztec preacher went his circuit as usual and was captured by fanatics and tortured. He preached Jesus to them. They cut out his tongue, sawed his body nearly in two with American (!) barbed-wire, and then burned his heroic body in the Plaza. The next Sunday members of his flock fearlessly carried the gospel message around the mountain circuit of their martyred pastor. This is typical of their spirit. What a tug is the challenge of a people like these, *waiting at our front door* for the Bread of Life.

When big vessels meet, they say,
They salute and sail away;
Just the same as you and me,
Lonely ships upon the sea,
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog;
Let your speaking trumpet blow;
Lift your horn and cry "Hullo";

Say "Hullo"; and "How d'ye do?"
Other folks are good as you,
When you leave your house of clay,
Wandering in the far away,
When you travel through the strange
Country far beyond the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be, and say "Hullo."

SAM WALTER FOSS

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